May 28, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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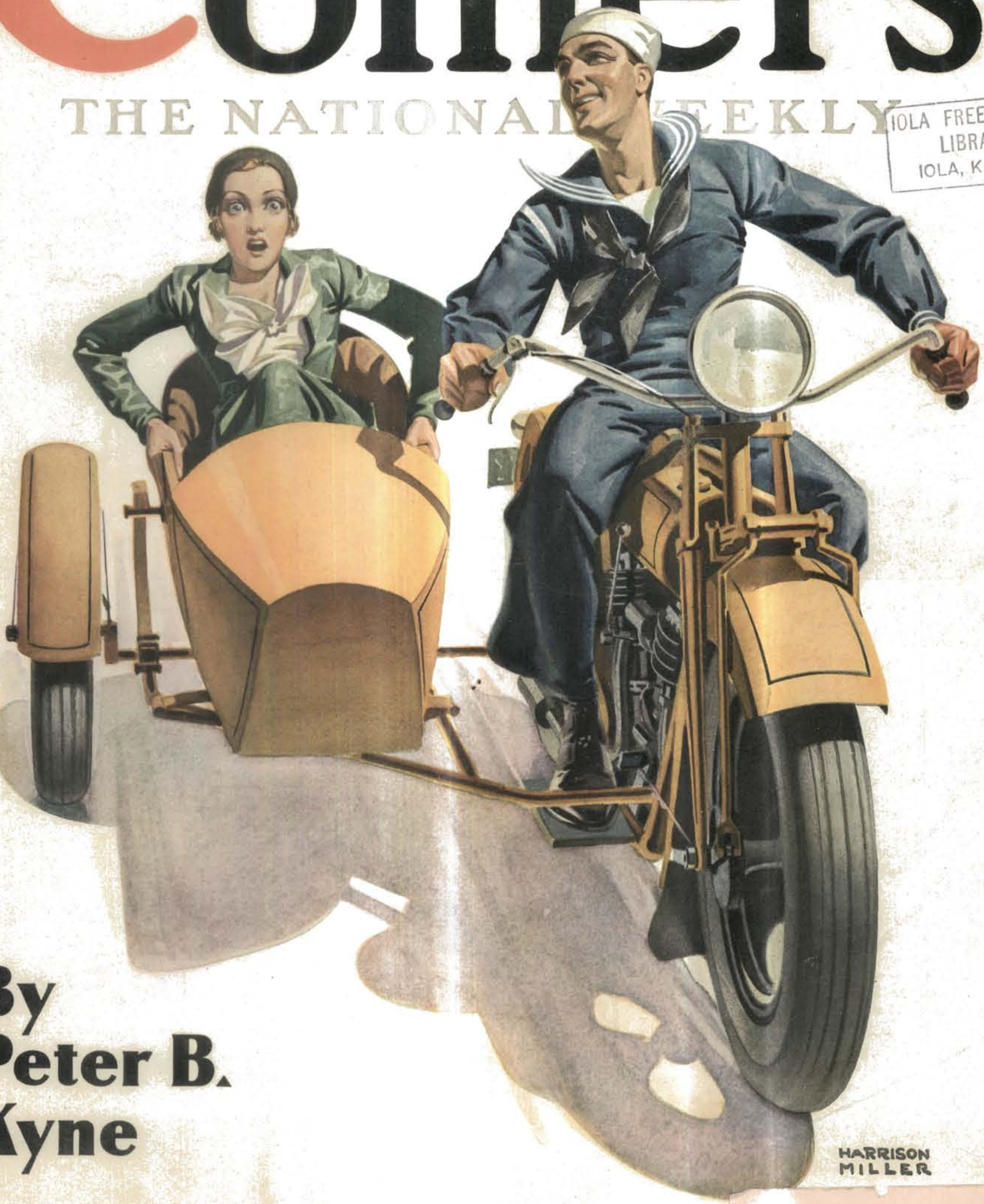

HARRISON MILLER

By Peter B. Kyne

a triumphant story of love and finance - The

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May 28, 1932

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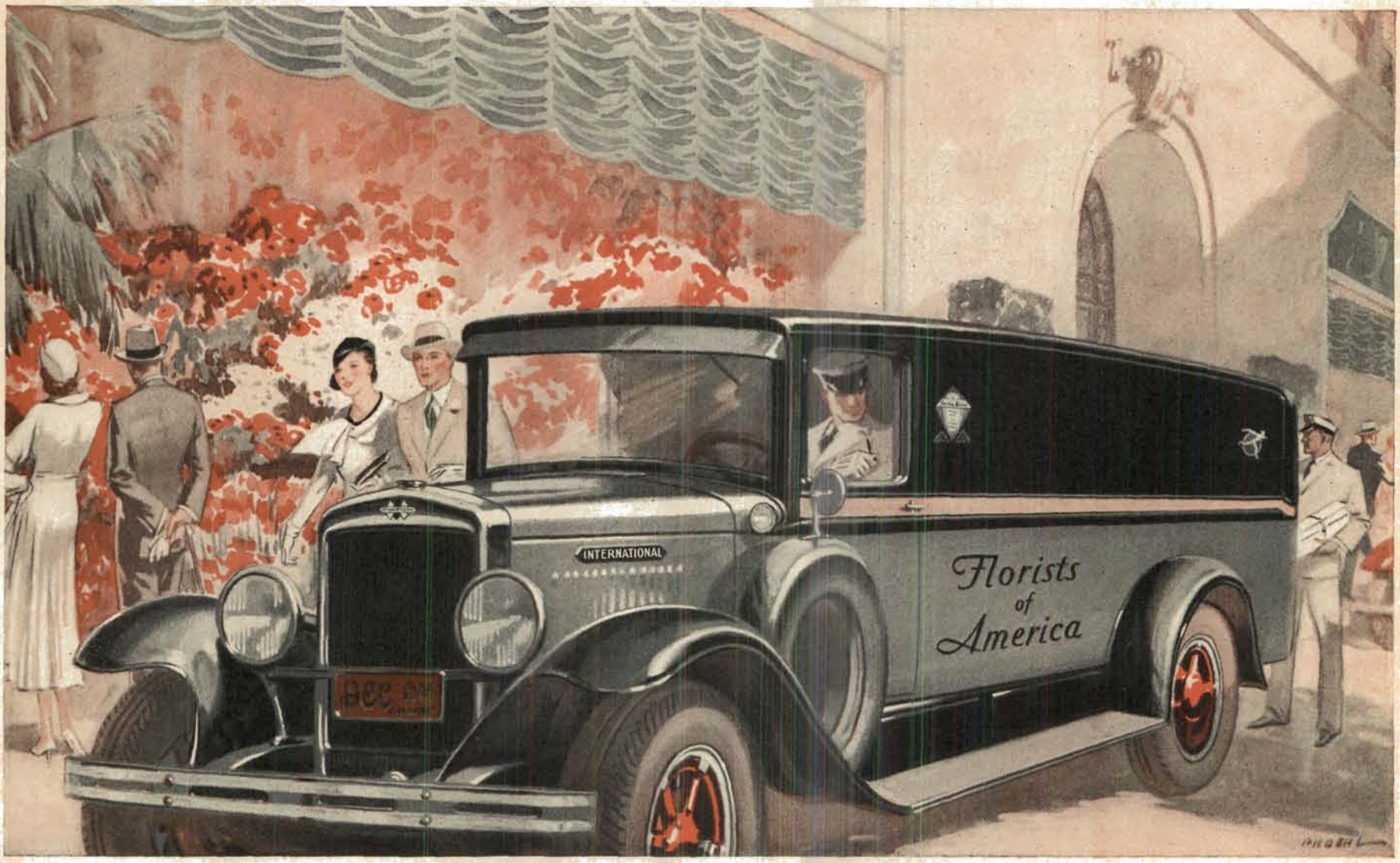
Say it with Flowers . . .



and International Trucks will be glad to serve you

A HUNDRED years ago there were but a handful of men who "grew flowers under glass for commercial purposes." Today, the Horticultural Industry in America uses nearly a quarter of a million acres, values its land and equipment at more than $300,000,000, and does an annual business of close to $200,000,000.

International Harvester is proud of its service to this great industry. International Trucks take flowers from grower to wholesale commission house . . . from commission house to retail florist . . . and from florist to the ultimate destination, whether for bedside or altar or for the adornment of the American home.

Whether you own an International, or patronize the International owner, these trucks will be glad to serve you, and the benefits of International trucking economy are yours either way.

In these times, with proved economy the vital factor in truck purchase, Internationals have set a remarkable record. Look carefully at the low-cost figures at the right. There you have the principal reason why, despite general business conditions during 1931, International almost equaled its record for the year before . . . though total new-truck registrations fell off 22%; *and it is also the reason why International sales so far this year are well ahead of last!*

Do not make any truck investment until you have seen what International has to offer you . . . models for every possible requirement, in capacities from ¾-ton to 5-ton, and at chassis prices as low as $615.

Let the nearest International Branch or Dealer demonstrate any model right on your own job. And remember that the largest Company-owned truck service organization in the world stands ready to help your International give you the *full value* that is built into it.

Typical International Cost Figures

A Chicago florist operates an International for three years for less than 5 cents a mile, all costs included.

A baking company operates hundreds of Internationals at average cost of 5¾ cents a mile.

Another baking company operates a big fleet at average cost of 5½ cents a mile.

A laundry operates a ¾-ton International thirteen months at cost of 3.4 cents a mile.

A long-distance hauler operates a 2-ton International twenty months at cost of 6.2 cents a mile.

A farmer operates a 1½-ton International two years at cost of 4.4 cents a mile.

A bottler operates a 1½-ton International 34,000 miles at less than 3 cents a mile.

Another bottler operates a 6-cylinder, 2-ton International for under 6½ cents a mile.

A transfer company operates a 6-cylinder, 1½-ton International twelve months at cost of 4½ cents a mile.

An oil company operates a 3-ton International with tank body 33,000 miles at a cost of 6.9 cents a mile.

Names and complete facts on these and other records will be sent on request.

Ask for demonstration of the New 1½-ton 4-speed Model A-2. Now reduced to

$615

for the 136-inch wheelbase chassis f. o. b. factory. Other sizes range from ¾-ton to 5-ton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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GENERAL ELECTRIC ANNOUNCES

7 MAJOR ENGINEERING ADVANCES

Making possible a Radio that beats the radios that won the tone-tests

After months of laboratory work, General Electric presents the amazing new high-power Twin-Push (Class B) Amplification and 6 other major improvements, in its new Convention Model.

Greater tone realism than any radio you have ever heard before! Complete new tubes of greater efficiency! Boundless power! New high frequency response, giving full brilliance to entire musical scale!

Read over the radical new features of this great set. Then go to your G-E Radio dealer's and "*believe your own ears!*"

● NEW—"Twin-Push" Amplification, giving a tremendous increase in undistorted power—many times the power of previous receivers—resulting in the complete elimination of the "blurring" which usually takes place when exclamations or musical crescendos are received.

● NEW—Twelve Improved Tubes of *new* type throughout, giving greater efficiency and purer tone quality.

● NEW—Dual Automatic Volume Control, using two tubes instead of one—overcoming the defects of previous automatic volume controls. It makes possible the reception of all stations—strong and weak—at the same volume without touching the hand-operated volume control, and without distortion.

● NEW—Automatic Lo-Tone Compensator, which automatically gives the same full, rich tone whether the set is turned to low volume or high.

● NEW—High-power Dynamic Speaker, completely redesigned to give greater tone fidelity.

● NEW—Special Hand-operated Tone Control to give any shading of tone desired, and eliminating the mushy boominess formerly noticeable when tone controls were turned down.

● NEW—Greatly-improved G-E Tone Equalizers with *acoustic orifices* of *exclusive G-E design*—making possible further refining of tone and eliminating cabinet resonance.

● IN ADDITION—Other outstanding G-E features, including the famous G-E full-range sensitivity, and selectivity with improved band pass characteristics! General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon Eastern Daylight Saving Time. For the entire family—"Just a Song at Twilight"—every Sunday afternoon 5:30-6:00 Eastern Daylight Saving Time—over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MARY LEE disliked Philip Hope. He might be the best tennis player in the world, but to Mary he was little better than a spineless moron. She said as much—in print. But when Philip was defeated for the championship at Forest Hills, it was Mary Lee who broke down and wept all over her typewriter up in the press box.

A good many different conjectures have been made as to why Philip was beaten that day, but you won't know the truth of the matter until you read "What Happened to Philip Hope," by Lucian Cary.

—

WALTER DAVENPORT reports the extraordinary results of the state housecleaning undertaken by Governor Russell and Governor Gardiner and, to put the first last, by ex-Governor Byrd.

These gentlemen discovered that the finances of a state could be treated, in principle, exactly like the money affairs of a family. As a result, Georgia, Maine and Virginia are now "States Righted." And, as an added attraction, money has been saved all around.

Which should be news to you who, collectively, pay forty million dollars a day in taxes of one sort and another.

—

PARIS in the spring is a notoriously dangerous place. They say it's something in the air. But whatever it is, Gloria Grosvenor had added to its menace by arranging to make a transatlantic flight, and Teddie Shirley had been assigned the thankless job of preventing her.

In the end he was successful, but not until he had fully proved, as B. L. Jacot shows you, that he was himself one of the outstanding "Perils of Paris."

—

HENRY F. PRINGLE has written the gay and romantic story of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Temperamental and quarrelsome they may be, but there's no professional jealousy in this "Husband-Wife Act." With them the play's the thing—on stage and off.

—

S. B. H. HURST takes you to the North Sea and shows you two men arguing there in the face of a rising gale. One of them is Captain Prideau, the other is "The Tug Master"; and before the bargain they make is carried out you'll heartily admire them both. What's more, as you toss about on the barque Kenyon, lost in the driving snow, you'll know what it's like to be one of those in peril on the sea.

—

DANA BURNET, John B. Kennedy, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Clinton W. Gilbert and others contribute adventure, glamour and instruction. Sax Rohmer and P. G. Wodehouse continue to hold thousands spellbound. A mere enumeration of our virtues makes us blush.

THIS WEEK

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THE LAST MARGIN: Love amid the ticker tape—a sparkling short story.

Page 9—Phyllis Nelson and Courtney Ryley Cooper

DRESSING UP THE BIG SHOW: Before the circus comes to town.

Page 10—Dana Burnet

A PRESENT FOR PATRICIA: Carefully selected and delivered on the hoof.

Page 12—Owen P. White

GARNER ON PARADE: How "Cactus Jack" rides herd on Congress.

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DOWN ON WILLOW CREEK: Romance—through a small boy's eyes.

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THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, Part IV: Shan on the trail of Fah Lo Suee.

Page 22—T. R. Ybarra

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Page 26—Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE: It's easy when you know how.

Page 49—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Facts that fascinate.

Page 54—Editorial

AFTER THE DROUGHT IS OVER.

Any Week

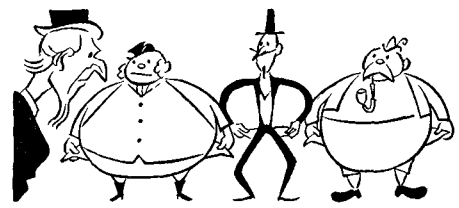
"SAY what you will about old Tom Heflin," writes Miss Bernice Riebel of Washington, D. C., "but the United States Senate has been an awfully dull place since he lost his job."

—

MR. ED B. CARNEROSS of Atlanta, Georgia, wants somebody to tell him how many mayors of American cities will use that Beer Parade idea of New York's Jimmy Walker as a red herring.

—

"WHAT," demands Mrs. Charles T. Engles of Seattle, "would happen if Europe refused to pay those debts on the ground that they can't afford it?"



AND Mr. Howard Mateer of Yonkers, New York, inquires about the prospect of a law decreeing an open season on those irrepressible wits who, apropos of business conditions, say: "Listen, you ain't seen nothin' yet."

—

MR. URBAN T. MIESTER of Sioux City, Iowa, bids us "rally round."

"After the government has paid that bonus to the soldiers with the money it hopes to get out of us, let's get together and demand that the government pay our taxes."

—

TO WHICH Mr. Paul R. Byrd of Wynne, Arkansas, adds: "Just one more good-sized war and all of us who didn't get into the other one will be drawing compensation. Then we'll get our checks from the Veterans Bureau and turn them right back to the revenue agents so they can pay it out to more veterans a couple of years later when, you see, we'll be having another war."

—

"REMEMBER those old carpet-covered bricks they used to have in Grandma's day for doorstops?" writes Mr. Harry L. Peterson of Ashland, Kentucky. "Well, I found one while cleaning out the attic the other day and, after taking the carpet off it, decided to save it for you."

—

AT THE suggestion of Mr. Kenneth Sprankle, secretary to Mr. John Taber, member of Congress from New York, we correct a false impression given inadvertently by our John B. Kennedy over the radio. Mr. Kennedy said that government employees pay no income tax. Mr. Kennedy was immediately accused of saying that Federal employees are exempt. The facts are that Federal employees pay Federal income tax but none to the state which is their legal residence. Conversely, the employees of states and other local governments are not required to pay a Federal income tax but are, praises be, levied upon by their state governments.

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Guard your EYES

Don't read with the light shining into your eyes.

Don't read when recovering from serious illness—without your Doctor's consent.

Don't read when lying down unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your line of vision.

Don't use public towels and be careful about rubbing eyes with fingers. Dangerous infection may follow.

Don't hold your work or book nearer the eyes than 12 inches.

Don't fail to visit an eyesight specialist at the *slightest sign* of eye trouble.

Don't use eye-washes, ointments, salves or other remedies unless advised by an eyesight specialist.

Don't wear glasses not prescribed by an eyesight specialist.

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It is good fun, occasionally, to play "Blindman's Buff" with the young people. But it would be a tragedy to have permanently unseeing eyes.

According to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, it is estimated that 114,000 persons in the United States are blind, and that more than half of them need not have lost their sight.

Have you had your eyes examined within the past three years? You may be unduly straining them at this very moment. Only an eyesight specialist can tell you if it is wise to use your eyes in their present condition.

Whenever cases of severe, recurring headache, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, giddiness or other similar conditions do not respond to medical treatment, the eyes should be carefully examined.

Defective vision will not improve with the passing of time. If neglected, or if the wrong treatment is given, disastrous results may follow. But a mere imperfection in vision is not the most serious thing that can happen to your eyes.

There are damaging eye diseases which, if untreated, eventually lead to blindness. For instance, glaucoma is one of the most insidious eye diseases. It can be present and yet give little indication, at first, of its threat to your sight. Recognized early, it lends itself favorably to treatment. It is, therefore, always advisable for a person more than 45 years old to have periodic examination of the eyes by an expert.

Don't take chances with your vision or with that of members of your family. Make sure that children's eyes are watched and protected. Thirty-five of the forty-eight States now have statutes providing for eye tests in schools.

Remember that it is always difficult to restore sight that has been seriously impaired. Safety lies in consulting an eyesight specialist regularly, even though one's eyes seem to be normal. The majority of defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected so as to give satisfactory service.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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As Millions Know
•
Only Quick Quaker Oats and Quick Mother's Oats
give you these exclusive features
Not like any other oatmeals...made by a better...an exclusive process.
1 Choicest oats—best 30%—in every bushel—70% rejected—not good enough for Quaker quality.
2 Roasted through 10 different ovens—rich flavor roasted in—can't cook out.
3 Cook just 2½ minutes—they're deliciously done.
And in addition—30 to 40% more oatflakes than many millers pack.

MAN! It's fit for a king!

This low-cost Quick Quaker breakfast

Rich in protein like meat, milk and eggs . . . more nourishing than many costly foods. Yet these better breakfasts cost less than one-half cent a dish!

MONEY can't buy better nourishment than you get in a hot, tasty dish of Quick Quaker Oats. Here's the protein your body needs for the repair of worn-out nerves and muscles. The "building" element that makes milk, meat and eggs so valuable. Here, too, is the same concentrated, *lasting* energy found in costly foods. Yet a month of these supreme breakfasts costs scarcely more than 10 cents.

Not like ordinary oatmeal

Don't believe any other oatmeals are like Quaker. For Quaker Oats are made by an exclusive process that gives a far better oatmeal.

This Quaker process includes *roasting* the choice oats *whole* through 10 different ovens. This develops their natural flavor. Roasts them to delicate savoriness. Roasts the flavor *in,* so it can't cook *out.*

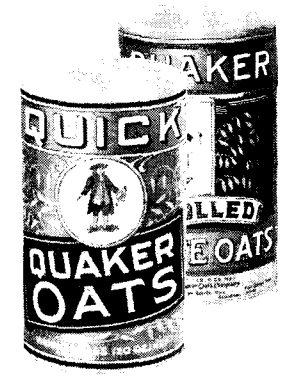
Then you cook them just 2½ minutes. And they're so completely done it's a waste of time to cook them more. Think of the time this saves! It makes Quick Quaker Oats the easiest, quickest of all hot breakfasts! Just sprinkle these toasted flakes into boiling water. Before your coffee's ready, Quick Quaker Oats are ready to eat.

Richer . . . more nourishing breakfasts . . . yet food costs cut in half

Save on foods by serving Quick Quaker Oats *regularly.* You *know,* when you serve this breakfast, you're giving the family the finest possible nourishment. A steamy, creamy bowl of Quick Quaker Oats . . . the oatmeal with the toasted flavor . . . tempts the laziest appetite.

† † †

Try Pettijohn's . . . a delicious, old-fashioned rolled wheat cereal that cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Makes dry bran eating unnecessary.



LISTEN to Phil Cook, the Quaker Man, and to Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C. Consult your newspaper radio program for time.

Quick Quaker Oats, *cooks in 2½ minutes*

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The Last Margin

A romance of this day in which we live, wherein, it would appear, strong men still fight duels

By Peter B. Kyne

MR. THOMAS B. DRAKE really had never known competition in business. His grandfather had seen to it that Thomas B. should not, provided he exercised common sense. Nor had Mr. Drake experienced competition in the arena of love until he took it into his head to consider Marjory Borden as the mother of his children.

Thomas B. Drake would do that, of course. He was a business man, sound, practical, conservative; he had his sentimental side well in hand. Hence, although he had had any number of minor love affairs, none of them serious, all quickly forgotten, he had arrived at the age of thirty-two with the ability to concentrate his mind on his business for eight hours daily without having his train of thought ditched by visions of any one of the numerous young women designing mothers were always maneuvering him into meeting. For Thomas was what is described as a very eligible bachelor. He was known to be the possessor of sound health, honor and intelligence and able to walk into his bank and say to the president: "Bill, I want a hundred thousand for ninety days," and say it with the assurance of one who knows he is not going to be refused.

Thomas B. Drake's name was in the Social Register, although every time he sent his check for the annual copy of the same he would say to himself: "Now, why the devil am I doing this?" Always he would think with amusement and affection of his paternal grandfather, Hank Drake, who was so illiterate he couldn't spell "cat"; of his father, Anson Drake, who would, could, and frequently did whip double his weight in drunken, ferocious lumberjacks.

Thomas B. possessed a vast affection for both those old roughnecks, for they had done well by him; the older he grew, the more he appreciated them; the greater was his resolve to perpetuate the dominant qualities of his clan by making a sensible marriage. Little one-hundred-and-four-pound flappers, no matter how appealing, were absolutely out of the running, for Mr. Drake's idea of a wife was one who would also make a good mother and who, like himself, considered that the principal objective of matrimony was the enrichment of the world with four or five fine husky boys and girls. Therefore, the mother of the Drake progeny must be a sizable young woman, for Thomas B. was a sizable young man and preferred sizable offspring. She had to be healthy, sane, intelligent, easy to look at and possessed of a sense of humor.

From the foregoing the reader has now realized why Thomas B. Drake, at thirty-two and worth five million dollars if he was worth a nickel, was still a bachelor. Yes, his specifications were very hard to fill. He wanted all clear lumber; he wouldn't permit a splinter of Number Two stock in the order, and he was resolved to sell the steam schooners, the sawmill and the billions of feet of white cedar timber his forebears had accumulated for him unless he could be morally certain that the fourth generation would be worthy of that trust, able to carry on the business.

AS THE possessor of white cedar timber, the decade of depression in the fir and redwood lumber industry had not touched him, for there is comparatively very little fine white cedar and Drake had so much of it he could control prices within reasonable ranges and sell enough each year without effort or vast overhead to make a nice profit. He was purveyor of a specialty for which there is a constant but not very great demand, although sufficient to absorb the quarter-of-a-million-foot daily cut of the Drake mill.

One day a glittering-eyed old pirate, by name Phineas Borden, came out of Michigan and began casting about for a good investment in West Coast timber. For some reason or other he preferred white cedar; hence in the fullness of time he stumbled across the Drake holdings on the shores of Umpqua Bay, Oregon. He investigated them thoroughly and was scandalized at what he found. He discovered, for instance, that

"No," she declared, "I wouldn't consider jilting my man for you, Mr. Drake"

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at his present rate of cut, Thomas B. Drake had sufficient timber to last him fifty years, and enough government timber back of that and open to purchase to last him thirty years more. Instead of extending his logging railroad to tap this government timber and purchase logs there now, thus discouraging competition and reserving for future generations the timber he owned in fee, Thomas B. Drake was, apparently, asleep on the job, unaware of his opportunities.

PHINEAS BORDEN saw that Thomas B. Drake could sell half a million feet a day as readily as he could sell a quarter of a million. Here (he told himself) was an operation pregnant with vast development and profit in the hands of a real captain of industry—Phineas Borden, for instance. The man Drake must be a dumb-bell, an easy-going chap to whom sufficient for the day constituted the evil thereof. Perhaps he would be dumb enough to sell his properties.

Now, while old Phineas was prowling through the Drake woods, his daughter and sole heir, Marjory, had come on to San Francisco, there to await the arrival of her father. Meanwhile, she was looking around for a house to lease and furnish and, in order to facilitate this task, she purchased a little coupé. The very first day she had it she absent-mindedly ran through the traffic signals on Van Ness Avenue, struck the car of Thomas B. Drake fairly amidships, rolled it over and broke his collar bone and right leg, in addition to inflicting numerous bruises and contusions. Miraculously Miss Borden and her cheap little coupé escaped injury—merely a few bumps and bruises on the young lady, fortunately not visible.

She was out of her car and the first to reach Thomas B. Drake as he sprawled on his back in the middle of the avenue. As she knelt beside him he gazed up at her through iridescent orbs.

"Are you killed?" Miss Borden queried tensely, yet with a certain degree of freedom from hysteria.

"No," Thomas B. Drake replied testily, "I'm only murdered."

"I'm so sorry. It was all my fault and it will not be necessary to sue me. I'll pay your hospital bill and have your car repaired and—"

"You're insured, of course?"

"No, I am not. I only bought the car today and I was going to insure it tomorrow."

"Never put off till tomorrow that which should be done today. My name is Thomas B. Drake and I'll pay my own hospital bills, my own repair bills and excuse you from paying damages. Go your way and bump no more!"

"Here's my card," the girl replied. "I'll thrust it in your vest pocket. I think you're the grandest sport in the world. May I come to the hospital to see you?"

But Thomas B. Drake did not answer that question. He had fainted. Then a traffic officer came and asked questions, an ambulance came and removed Thomas B. Drake, a wrecking car came and removed the wrecked automobile and life resumed its wonted course.

THROUGH next morning's paper Marjory Borden was made aware of the identity of her victim. Prominent clubman, lumber and shipping magnate, he was called. Once, not knowing what else to do with her time, Marjory had taken a course in stenography and when the traffic officer had asked her to name her occupation she had replied "Stenographer," which effectually concealed her identity as the daughter of the brutally rich and unrepentant Phineas Borden, ex-lumber king from Michigan.

Marjory promptly telegraphed her father as follows:

TANGLED WITH THOMAS B. DRAKE PROMINENT CLUBMAN AND LUMBER AND SHIPPING MAGNATE HERE IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT YESTERDAY AM O. K. BUT THOMAS IS IN HOSPITAL FOR THREE MONTHS NO INSURANCE ON MY CAR BUT VICTIM SAYS HE WILL NOT SUE

To these tidings of great joy Phineas Borden replied:

GREAT NEWS AM CRAZY TO MEET HIM AND YOU HAVE PROVIDED OPPORTUNITY CALL UPON HIM DAILY AND CULTIVATE HIM FOR PAPA'S SAKE IMPORTANT

So Marjory sent flowers and a note expressing penitence and sympathy and when she judged Mr. Drake might be so far recovered from the shock of the accident as to be able to receive her, she called upon him. His memory of her was very vague, of course; he had read in the paper that she was a stenographer. Well, he couldn't be bothered with her hereafter, but he would see her this time; doubtless she required cheering up. And he'd have to stop her reckless expenditure for flowers . . . he'd thank her for forcing him into rest he had needed for years but had been too stupid to take . . . yes, he'd give her a cheerful song and dance and send her away happy. Of course, if she had carried public liability he would have sued her, but . . . well, why war on a woman? In moments of absent-mindedness he had often driven through traffic signals himself.

When she came into his room he stared at her slowly, from head to foot. "You," he said irritably, "are not a stenographer."

Marjory Borden laughed and sat down. She continued to smile at him.

"I'm afraid I do not like you, Miss Borden," he went on. "I had rehearsed a little speech designed to put you at your ease and eradicate all your worry and sorrow over the accident. I desired to be very nice to you, knowing that even if I did sue you, you could not pay the judgment I'd secure as truly as the sun rises and sets. Now I discover I've been wasting kind, Christian thoughts on you. I observe from your apparel that somebody else pays your bills—and pays and pays and pays!"

MARJORY threw back her head and laughed long and joyously, while Thomas B. Drake made swift mental inventory of her. She was about five feet five inches tall and weighed a hundred and thirty pounds. She had hair that resembled copper shavings—all crinkly and radiating golden lights, like a million tiny heliographs. She had large, kindly, merry eyes of brown, a patrician nose, a firm and generous mouth, fine, even white teeth, a lovely skin, lovely hands and an adorable figure.

Before she terminated her visit he knew she had brains and a sense of humor, that she was healthy and played golf on the low eighties, that she was Phineas Borden's sole issue and, presumably, his sole heir. He thought about her for one hour to the total exclusion of everything else and decided that she *might* be worthy to be the mother of his children. He wondered if she would take seriously his statement that he was very lonely in the hospital.

Evidently she did, for she called twice a week for a month, then went away for two weeks. Those were two terrible weeks for Thomas B. Drake. He almost went crazy, for he had by this time decided that not only was Marjory Borden eminently fitted to be the mother of his children, but that she was almost too good for the job. He was madly in love with her and even after meeting her father he was still of the opinion that he wanted to marry her. Even a fool could tell that Marjory had had a fine mother!

Phineas Borden called to see him thrice during Marjory's absence. The third time he sounded Drake out on the subject of selling his mill, steam schooners and timber lands. The latter did not keep him long in suspense.

"I'm only thirty-two years old, Mr. Borden, and I want to have a very vital interest in life for the next thirty years at least. After that I shall desire the pleasure of seeing my son carry on. The Drake White Cedar Lumber Company is owned in its entirety by me, but I do not regard it as my property, but as something given to me in trust. It is not for sale."

"YOUNG man," said Phineas harshly, for he was disappointed and if there was anything he despised it was a business idealist, "you're not makin' the most o' your opportunities upon that operation o' yours."

"Of course I could extend my logging railroad to tap the government timber in back of my holdings, and cut my lumber from government logs purchased at a reasonable price, while saving my own timber and permitting it to appreciate in value.

"But I do not like having forest rangers directing my logging operations. They are loyal and devoted public servants who do well by Uncle Sam, but they do not do so well by those who buy his logs. They increase the cost of the operation considerably by their rules and regulations. I like to be my own boss. And, of course, I could readily double the cut of my mill and sell the output by adding a few salesmen to my pay roll, but why do that? I'm getting along very nicely and I'm not anxious to cut myself or my son out of a job.

"You see," he added smilingly, "I have never had to work for my money, in a manner of speaking, so I do not

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She looked at him long and searchingly. "You're even a better sport than I thought you were," she said finally

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

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Dressing Up the Big Show

By Phyllis Nelson and Courtney Ryley Cooper

The splendor of a circus is usually ascribed to "tinsel." That "tinsel" consists of everything from tulle and ostrich feathers to Chinese rugs and century-old tapestries. Here you are told all about it by the dressmaker-in-chief to a thousand men and animals—including a herd of elephants

H. A. Atwell

Little Eva and the crown of ostrich plumes that added a new act to Eva's repertory

A DRESS-GOODS salesman came to see me last winter in Sarasota, Florida, the winter quarters of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, for whose wardrobe I am responsible. He had a number of new textiles and patterns, and was enthusiastic about one in particular.

"Here's something really hot off the griddle," he said. "It's going to be a favorite this year, particularly for sports wear."

I liked it and ordered thirty yards, but not for humans. I made two dresses out of it, to be worn in the grand entry by my favorite baby elephants. In a circus, the costuming of the animal personnel holds an equal importance with that of the human.

Thus the job of dressing the big show is a vastly different one from that of wardrobe mistress for the average theatrical company. There, the head of the wardrobe department may be the traditional "little mother," listening to the troubles of chorus girls as she mends a rip in a pair of tights. But in the circus, one cannot very well be a little mother to nearly a thousand ticket sellers, drivers, menagerie attendants, front-door men, ushers, property men, performers, elephants, clowns, monkeys, chimpanzees, camels, dogs and a herd of zebras. There is not much time for hearing about a circus girl's lost love when one is wondering whether satin will wear better than velvet as a dress material for the "Balloon Babies," in the Crazy Number, or whether Old John, the leader of the elephant herd, will appear more dignified in a gown of tapestry instead of the double-sized Chinese rug he has been wearing.

Last-Minute Problems

If that were all I had to think about! Last spring when the show prepared for its opening in Madison Square Garden, New York, I noticed considerable conversation among a group of men of the grand entry. They were having trouble with the trousers of their costumes, rather tight-legged satin and silk affairs which were meant to be skin-fitting.

They were so skin-fitting, in fact, that a hurry call went out for me and my assistants, that we might practically remake a dozen or more pairs of trousers overnight.

"How did I know a group of tumblers was to be slated for those outfits?" I asked sadly.

That is one of the jobs of a circus costume mistress—to make clothes for persons who are not within fitting distance. Most circus acts continue to work in the winter time; many of them go to Europe. While they are in Paris or Berlin, or scattered about America, I am down in Sarasota, Florida, running a guessing contest as to who will wear the gaudy affairs in process of manufacture. And circus people are just as hard to fit as anyone else—perhaps more so.

That trouble over the tight-legged entry costumes was simply an error in guessing. I had figured that troupe to be aërialists. Hence, I had allowed for heavy shoulder muscles. But it was an acrobatic tumbling aggregation, with the result that the greater muscular development was in the calves and thighs. Therefore, the coats were too large, while the trousers were too small. But that's the way it often happens. Make 'em over—and the show goes on.

Possibly the use of satins, silks, mohairs and velvets may sound bizarre as the foundation of circus costumes. Certainly, most persons who come to the dressing tent are rather surprised; for some reason our costumes are supposed to be made of sleazy materials. Perhaps the reason is that the circus is a one-day affair in the mind of the public; the other hundred and ninety-nine days of the season are not considered. Nor is any thought given to the rush against time, the feverish speed with which one costume is laid aside that another may take its place, the necessity for colors that will not fade nor run when storms lash the big top and slanting rain whips under the canopy leading from the dressing tent to the back door of the show proper.

The wardrobe room of a circus is more than a place for costumes. It is a proving ground; a circus wardrobe mistress often knows all about a new service cloth long before the wearing public. If it will stand one season in the big show, it's good for five years anywhere else.

Against this is the rather surprising fact that there are more fragile materials in a big circus than in the average musical comedy; tulles and crêpes, point lace, ostrich plumes by the gross, silver and gold cloths, trimmings of white kid, various fine silks, imitation pearls by the hundred thousand, brilliants by the quarter million, glass jewels, gold lace and silver lace. One hears much of "tinsel" in the circus, just as one hears much of sawdust. There is no sawdust—wood chips are what make the hippodrome and the rings so white. And, strictly speaking, there is no tinsel, a sort of cheap cloth covered with shiny metal bits, for it wouldn't last two performances. In a place where it is not at all unusual to dress an elephant or a camel in silk or satin, or even in century-old tapestries, the material cannot very well come from the ten-cent store.

Seal plush or mohair for elephants is not extravagance, but pure economy, just as the most economical of all elephant blankets is a Chinese rug so heavy that seven men are required to lift it to the elephant's back. Such things are cheaper because they look better with long wear. But the blanket is only the beginning. The entire pattern is brought out more forcibly by the attachment of innumerable glass jewels; it is not at all unusual for an elephant's blanket to cost $1,500.

There are two sources of show costuming—the performers and the circus itself. The family of aërialists, the bareback riders, the acrobats or troupe of tumblers never come to the costume tent for anything pertaining to their acts. Each must furnish his own wardrobe, as long as that wardrobe is to be

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A Present for Patricia

By Dana Burnet

"I implore Your Honor not to sentence this impulsive girl to a period of imprisonment in a common jail." "Why not?" asked the magistrate

Far be it from us to recommend the tactics employed by the heroine of this story. They might cause trouble, if inexpertly used

YOUNG Mr. Adalbert Trowbridge was in a quandary. He was in what you might call a very special quandary; because here he was, engaged to a girl, a most wonderful girl (of course!), and he couldn't think of a proper wedding present for her. He just could not think of anything at all.

There had been a rumor, when young Mr. Trowbridge was in college, that he just could not think, period. This rumor had been set afloat by a classmate, one Kenneth Hollister, who loved Bertie Trowbridge as a brother and who bitterly resented the fact that Bert had been forced by custom and family tradition to attend an institution presumably devoted to thinking.

"It's a darned outrage," Ken had proclaimed on one occasion when Bert was going through the torture of cramming for his mid-year exams. "I say it's an outrage to force Bertie Trowbridge to use his brain. Here he is, a perfect specimen of the non-cerebral species of genus homo. He's healthy and wealthy. Why should he struggle to be wise? There's no sense to it."

Whereupon Ken Hollister, who was editor of the college funny paper and quite a figure in undergraduate life, had composed a letter to the faculty urging that Adalbert Trowbridge either be mercifully fired or humanely passed without further mental pain. Surprisingly enough, the faculty had accepted Ken's suggestion. Bertie had been graduated by acclamation; and ever since that glorious day he had brought to Ken Hollister whatever weighty problems afflicted his mind or spirit.

In return, he handled Ken's financial affairs. Bert had an uncanny gift for acquiring the root of evil. "I don't know why," he once said to Ken, "but I seem to have an affinity for money. It just sort of sticks to my fingers."

Ken agreed; and was grateful. He had a small fortune of his own, and made a fair income by his magazine writing. All this he turned over to Bertie, with no condition except that he be spared the details of its management. When Bertie occasionally tried to talk business with him, Ken looked blank and changed the conversation. He hated business.

BERTIE respected this aversion; and silently went on accumulating wealth for Ken. It made him feel useful and capable. But when it came to the question of a present for Patricia (Patricia Trask was her name), he found himself completely dashed. So, naturally, he turned to Ken. He got into his eighteen-thousand-dollar sport roadster and drove rapidly from upper Park Avenue to lower Park Avenue, New York City, where he disembarked and mounted in an elevator to Ken's incredibly chaotic two-room apartment.

He found Ken in a bathrobe, looking dour. Ken had just composed a humorous piece on matrimony for one of the New York funny papers. He was feeling savage. Ken was tall and thin, slightly reddish as to hair, with a hawk-like nose and childlike blue eyes that constantly betrayed his incorrigible sentimentality. He had a fierce scowl that deceived no one, not even himself. In his heart he loved humanity and was afraid of doormen. He stalked the room, scowling, as Bert presented the problem of a wedding present for his betrothed.

"You see," said Bert, "it's a pretty darned serious thing, because Pat's so rich she's got everything you can possibly imagine. Whatever I give her will be a duplicate. I'd like not to give her a duplicate. I mean, I'd sort of like to give her something original. Huh?"

"Uh-huh," said Ken. He ran his fingers through his wild mop of hair. "Why don't you ask her what she wants?"

"I have. She doesn't know."

"Give her a horse," suggested Ken.

"She's got ten horses," said Bertie.

"Give her a yacht."

"She's got two yachts."

"Give her a diamond dog collar."

"She's got a dog collar."

"Then give her a dog to go with it!"

"She's got five dogs," said Bertie sadly, "and one trained seal."

Ken stopped short in his stride. "The heck she has a trained seal!"

"The heck she hasn't!" retorted Bertie.

The scowling humorist strode up to his friend and socked him on the chest. Bert had a great chest. The blow sounded hollowly through the room.

"YOU poor dumb brute!" shouted Ken. "Do you mean to tell me you're going to marry into a family that keep or keeps seals?"

"There's only one seal," answered Bertie mildly, "and no family at all. Pat's an orphan."

"That's bad," Ken said.

"Why is it bad?"

"Orphans are always so darned superior. Is your Patsy domineering?"

"Oh, yes, frightfully!" replied Bertie, with his good-natured, Newfoundland grin. "I expect she'll boss the pants off me when we're married."

"Then why marry her, you idiot?"

"Well, it was sort of Pat's idea. I mean, she decided it was time for her to marry and accumulate a family, so she chose me because she said I was the best prospective husband-material she'd met

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in years. I've got to marry her. We're engaged."

The blond and beautiful and dumb Mr. Trowbridge smiled at his friend.

"You get your clothes on, Ken, old boy, and come out to Greenwich with me, and I'll introduce you to Patsy. Then you'll see what sort of girl she is and maybe you'll think of something nice to give her."

"No!" said Ken. But instantly, looking at Bert, he changed his mind. "Yes," he said, "I'll go. But the chances are that what I'll want to give her is a good paste in the eye. Your Patsy," he added, throwing off his bathrobe, "sounds terrible."

SHE was terrible. She was so beautiful she scared you and so full of vitality she dominated everyone and everything around her. She lived alone, except for a houseful of servants (whom she ignored), on a vast estate back of Greenwich, Connecticut. Ken and Bertie, arriving in Bert's car, found her schooling a green hunter over some hurdles set up in a field next to the stables. Bert hailed her; she wheeled her horse, soared over a five-foot hedge and came cantering toward the car.

"Hello-o-o!" she called. Her welcoming smile was a flash of wildfire. She was a black-haired, blue-eyed, crimson-cheeked beauty. Ken Hollister took one look at her and decided he would go home.

Patricia Trask looked at him and decided he wouldn't. He didn't. He and Bertie had come out to spend a quiet afternoon with Bertie's betrothed. They spent that afternoon galloping wildly cross-country after the flying figure of said betrothed. Patricia had decreed that they should ride; and ride they did, to Ken's great surprise, indignation and ultimate physical disability.

He was so exhausted after the ride that he and Bertie had to stay to dinner. And after dinner he was so stiff and sore he had to stay the night. Patsy insisted on it.

"I like you," she said at the table. "I didn't think I would because Bertie has talked so much about you. But you're nice. You must stay a week. I'll send into town for your clothes. Now come see Edward balance things on the end of his nose."

Edward was the trained seal. He lived in a tank in the conservatory. Patsy stood with one arm linked in Ken's and tossed Edward a rubber ball, which the seal caught and balanced beautifully. Afterward, Edward was rewarded with fish. Ken said it was a splendid performance, but that he thought he had better get back to New York and see an osteopath.

He did not see an osteopath. Instead, Patsy sent him upstairs to bed. "Tomorrow," she said, "I think we'll all go sailing."

Ken thought grimly that he would die before he'd go sailing. He fell asleep. He woke the next morning feeling better than he had felt in months. And, extraordinarily enough, he did go sailing.

IT WAS a beautiful day on the Sound, but rather rough, and Patsy's shining sixty-foot yawl played leapfrog with the waves. Ken became slightly ill. He crawled down into the cabin and lay on a couch and suffered. Finally Patsy joined him.

"Are you unhappy?" she asked, sitting down beside him.

"I'm sick," said Ken.

"You don't enjoy sailing?"

"I loathe it," Ken informed her, simply.

"Oh!" exclaimed Patsy. "I'm so sorry. We'll go right home. A good, long walk is what you need."

"I don't mind walking," said Ken, "when it's unavoidable."

They sailed back to the Indian Harbor Yacht Club anchorless and drove home. When they reached the house, Bertie said he didn't care to walk. He said he had forgotten how. To Ken he whispered: "You walk with Patsy. It'll be a good chance to find out what she wants for a wedding present. And anyway, I'd rather take a nap."

So Ken and Patsy went walking together. They walked across a field and into a wood; and there Ken flatly refused to go any farther.

"Sit down," he said, "on that log. I want to talk to you."

RATHER to his surprise, Patsy sat down at once. She took her chin in her hands.

"I know," she said, "you don't like me. You think I'm a spoiled brat."

"That," said Ken, "is precisely what I think."

"I thought so," she said. "Aren't you going to sit down?"

Ken sat down.

"What I'd like to know," he went on, "is what you're going to do to Bertie. I love Bertie Trowbridge. I don't want anything to happen to him. If he marries you, I'm afraid something will."

"I'm afraid so," said Patsy. She turned to Ken, opened her blue eyes wide and looked straight into his. He had a faint sensation of drowning. "I know I do awful things to people," she confessed mournfully. "I don't mean to, but I do. Then they go away and I never see them again. It has always been that way. I don't know why."

"You overwhelm people," said Ken. "You sort of devour them."

"I don't!"

"Yes, you do, you— Would you mind not looking at me that way?"

"What way?" asked Patsy.

"Would you mind not looking at me at all?"

She looked down at the ground.

"What is it about me?" she asked quietly.

Ken thought for a moment. "You're too much for people," he said at last. "You've got too much vitality. You're too rich. You're too beautiful."

"Do you think I'm beautiful?"

"Of course I do. But, good heavens, Patricia—"

"Pat!"

"All right, Pat. You *know* Bertie won't stand a chance with you. And he's such a swell guy—such a grand specimen of the unconscious, normal, happy, sweet-natured male!—that I grieve for him."

"You think I'll wreck him?" asked Patsy.

"I think you'll wreck him. You'll dominate him completely, and Bert shouldn't be dominated. You'll cage him and tame him. You'll reduce him to the level of Edward, the seal. I don't enjoy thinking of that."

She considered this for several moments in silence. Then she said: "Maybe you're right,

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Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

Afterward. Edward was rewarded with fish. Ken said it was a splendid performance

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Garner on Parade

By Owen P. White

It takes a lot to move politicians to personal enthusiasm. But John Garner has done it—inadvertently but conclusively. The Garner boom began in the House of Representatives in Washington. It was started by the men who had worked and fought with him. Here Mr. White, a fellow Texan, shows you just what qualifications this popular and plain Speaker has to be considered as a possible Democratic nominee for President

IS CACTUS JACK of the cow country, Hon. John Nance Garner, Speaker of the House of Representatives, a Presidential possibility? Probably, and, as any observer can readily determine, the strength of that probability derives primarily from the rapidly forming tendency of the people of this country to seek a new kind of leadership.

The people are restless. There seems to be a distinct feeling abroad among voters that now is the time to shake off the bondage of those who have hitherto named national candidates and to write the name of their own man on their own ballots and try to send that man to the White House. And herein lies John Garner's opportunity.

Does he appeal to the imagination of the voter? According to the traditional demands, and in fulfillment of nearly all requirements for good publicity, he does. He appeals through his origin, his background, his record, his personality. Ever since February 22d, when a rather significant event took place in Washington, a good many of the Democratic leaders in the Capitol have been wondering whether Cactus Jack may not be the one man in the outfit who can screw his saddle down tight on the old party jackass and ride to victory.

That incident occurred at the close of the ceremonies held in the House of Representatives in honor of the Father of Our Country. The President and Vice President, the Supreme Court, the Senate, the Diplomatic Corps, the members of the House and all others in authority were present. The galleries were packed with visitors. There were the usual speeches; there was the usual perfunctory applause after each speech, and when the exercises were over there was again the same kind of applause as each dignitary left the Chamber. As President Hoover departed he received no more acclaim than anyone else, but hardly had he seated himself in the Speaker's office to wait for the Speaker than the thing broke.

Back in the House the Speaker stepped to the dais to drop the gavel and announce the session adjourned. Then some careless individual, one of those who might be expected to toss a lighted match into a clump of dry grass, yelled: "Hurrah for Garner." Instantly a roar went up that almost took the dome off the Capitol.

It was a tremendous ovation. It lasted a quarter of an hour. The most remarkable thing about it was that it took place in the city of Washington, where nobody, as a rule, ever grows enthusiastic over anybody else. Furthermore, just as many Republicans as Democrats joined in the hullabaloo.

The ovation has been attributed by some to the national character of the Garner color scheme: red face, white hair and blue eyes, but the Speaker's natural beauty probably had nothing whatever to do with creating the disturbance.

What happened might have been merely this: That audience, made up very largely of men who for two years had been vainly trying to get somewhere, found itself suddenly confronted by the man under whose leadership it was at last accomplishing results. And it just let go regardless of party.

Garner Said "No!"

It was a simple, natural thing for the congressmen to do. They all like Garner; he is extremely popular among his colleagues, and therein again may be found another reason for the unusual amount of Democratic head-scratching that is going on in the Capitol. Many of the congressmen who participated in the volcanic outburst of February 22d will be delegates, even delegation chairmen, at the Democratic national convention and, the general attitude being so friendly toward the Texan, it is not beyond the range of possibility to assume that if some careless man again tosses a match another contagious ovation may ensue—one that would sweep the entire convention.

Nor can anyone deny the Garner leadership or contradict the assertion that for the first four months of its existence the Seventy-second Congress did accomplish a great deal. Whether those accomplishments will turn out to be beneficial remains to be seen. In any event, as far as Garner is concerned it is significant that prior to the assembling of Congress Cactus Jack stood out in determined fashion against those Democrats who favored allowing the Republicans to organize the House, on the theory that it would be good politics to let the opposition wallow around in its own hole and get out the best way it could.

"No," Garner said, "the necessities of the nation are far more important than the needs of the party, and if we Democrats have a majority in the House, no matter how slight, it is our duty to assume the responsibility."

What happened after that, as the result of the Texan's decision to organize the House, is already history. For the first time since he had come into the White House, Mr. Hoover found that he had a Congress behind him that was willing to help in putting over helpful legislation.

Helping Hoover

But don't get the impression, because Mr. Garner came to Mr. Hoover's aid and because for the past few troublous months the President has conferred more often with the Texan than with his own congressional leaders, that the Speaker has buried his political hatchet. He hasn't.

A few days before he was elected to the Speakership he said: "For my part, if we organize the House, politics will be a secondary consideration," but almost immediately thereafter, when he was asked if that meant that he would enter into a political truce with the administration his emphatic reply was: "What that question means is, will the Democrats engage to support every proposal submitted by the President to Congress?—the assumption being that this will avoid confusion and conduce to the recovery of the country. Obviously, my questioners are oblivious to the insulting character of such an inquiry, which amounts to the implication that the Democrats are capable of sacrificing the welfare of the country to political expediency. I feel safe in stating my belief that the Democrats will insist that they be the judges of the wisdom of the enactments upon which they shall vote. We have no reason to assume the infallibility of the administration. Indeed, the experiences of the past two years pretty clearly demonstrate that no such assumption is possible."

That was Cactus Jack speaking in restrained language. What he meant was that he didn't love the Democrats less but the country more. One relief measure after another was shunted through with remarkable speed, while the Democratic Senate leaders, working with the Speaker on his self-created conference committee, lent their aid, thus giving the Republican President the feeling that he had at last attained a working majority in Congress—but a Democratic one!

Thus all was quiet along the Potomac. Contrary to the predictions of the editors of the country, most of whom had looked expectantly to the House to furnish them with the most turbulent news in many years, everything on the hilltop progressed so smoothly that Mr. LaGuardia of New York disgustedly described it as a kissing-bee and not a session of Congress.

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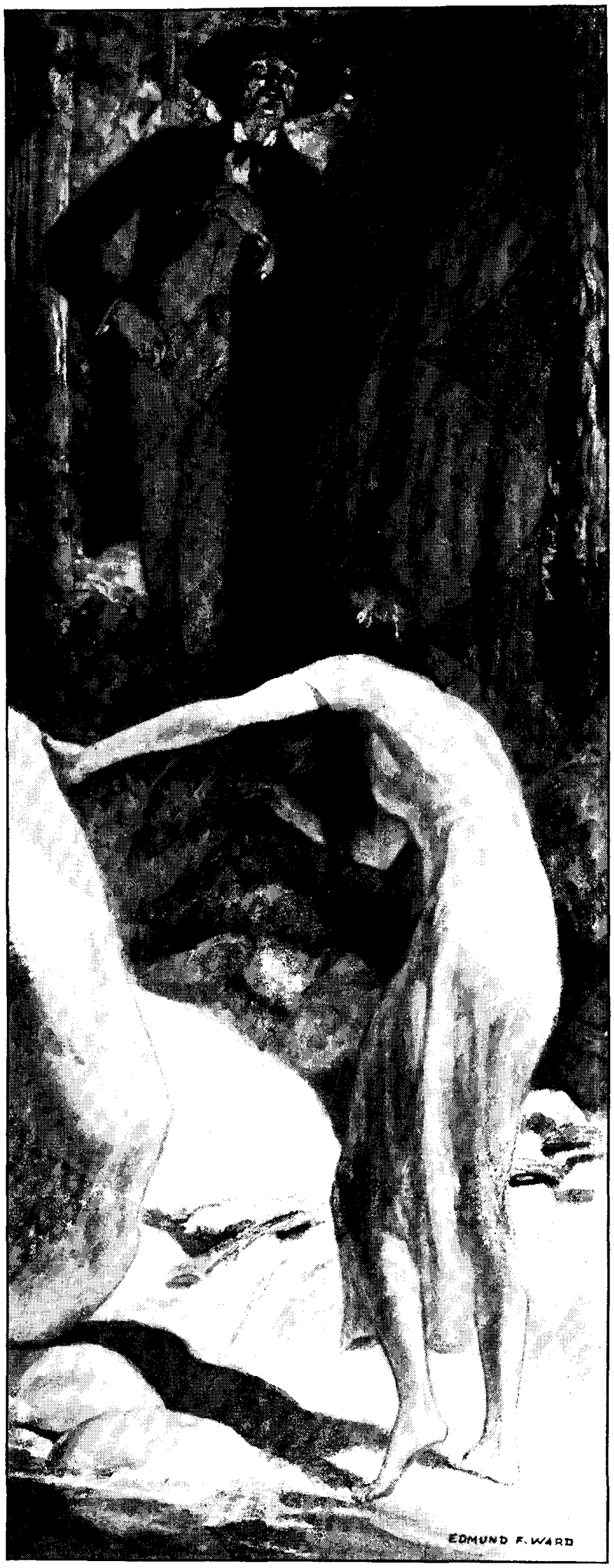
Down on Willow Creek

By Henry Exall



Carmencita stared like she couldn't move and couldn't speak

A story of love—and of retribution that came in a strange way

NILES RUTHERFORD was tall and thin and had little yellow eyes with a black rim around them, and a black mustache that drooped around the corners of his mouth. He always wore a long-tailed coat and he had a big gold watch chain with a bear claw hooked on to the middle link. Some people said he'd been a gambler and that was the way he got his money. I heard old Doc Farthington, the horse doctor, say Niles Rutherford wasn't his right name. And old Doc screwed his face all up and gave a big wink and got off something about a herd of mavericks. The people standing around listening to Doc left pretty quick after that.

I asked my uncle what Doc meant. We were in the spring wagon just coming to the bridge over Willow Creek at the edge of our farm. My uncle slowed the team to a walk. The horses' feet sounded loud and hollow, "Ka-boom, ka-koom, ka-boom, ka-boom," as they hit the bridge. And the loose planks rattled under the wheels. When we got across, my uncle kept looking ahead, but he said, "That old fool. He wouldn't be talking that way if he wasn't drunk."

He clucked to the team and didn't say any more. But I had a pretty good idea that thing about mavericks meant Niles Rutherford had made money cattle-stealing before he came to our section.

That night after supper my uncle rode off on the calico pony. She was lame in the off forefoot from picking up a rock in her shoe and getting a stone bruise. My Aunt Emma said he was going to let Doc Farthington look at her. I had a feeling my uncle was going to caution Doc about talking too much.

SATURDAY night, week after that, Doc Farthington was killed. I remember because Rafael Caban that lives across the creek west of us had been in town and heard about it. And he came over to our house way late that night and woke my uncle up to tell him.

Next morning the first chance I had I slipped over to Rafael's. He was up at his cabin, sitting in the doorway pulling cockleburs out of Lupe's tail. Lupe is his black-and-white setter dog. He got up and asked me to take his seat. He was polite that way to everybody. I sat down in the sand and he went on pulling burs and telling Lupe how bad a dog she was to always wave the tail and get so many cockleburs.

Rafael was mighty good-looking. Straight and slim, and with about the saddest sort of eyes till he smiled.

"Rafael," I said, "how did Doc Farthington get killed?"

He stopped smiling at Lupe and looked serious at that. "Ah, Robin," he said, "he is keek in the head by the beeg horse of Señor Rutherford."

What Rafael heard in town was that Niles Rutherford's stallion had a case of colic, and that Doc Farthington went to treat him and was kicked and killed.

Well, everybody knows that you rope and throw a horse and tie his legs up tight when you're treating him. And especially a stallion. So it looked sort of funny to me. The other thing was why Doc went to see that horse anyway, hating Niles Rutherford like he did. And there were plenty of other horse doctors.

Rafael didn't know any more about it. But I heard later that Niles Rutherford sent two of his riders after Doc and I knew then they'd made him go.

My uncle rode over to the burial. Before he went he got out his horse pistol and shoved it between his pants and shirt, and buttoned his coat up tight. My aunt was watching him. They looked at each other but neither one of them said anything. I guess my aunt knew there wasn't anybody could scare my uncle. But I never had seen him go off with a horse pistol before and it sort of gave me goose-flesh and a low feeling in the stomach. I went down the road a piece and waited for him. And I sure was glad when I saw him coming back all right. He stopped the mare and looked down at me and said, "Well, Robin!" like he was surprised. And then he leaned down and gave me a hand up behind him, and we rode in together.

MY UNCLE was telling my aunt that night that Niles Rutherford was at the burial and had Judge Alley and Lawyer Farley and a couple of riders with him.

"The nerve!" my aunt said. She was getting supper. I didn't know whether it was working over the stove that made her face so red, or because she was mad. I expect it was both, because she said, "How long is that man going to terrify this country? He ought to be jailed and tried and . . ."

My uncle stood looking at the fire. "He won't be," he said, "while he owns the judge and the sheriff and the whole dommed outfit. Can't prove nothing. Court wouldn't listen if you could."

My aunt pushed back a lock of hair and turned around with her eyes flashing. I scrunched down in my chair in the corner and acted like I was looking at a book so I wouldn't be noticed.

"So," she said, "he can do what he wants and get what he wants, even to killin' human bein's and grabbin' their propity, and nobody with spunk enough to say 'Boo!' to him. Five men's land he wanted, and everyone of 'em turn up dead, one way or 'nother. And now pore Doctor Farthington! And whether a horse's hoofs or a club beat him to death nobody can say but Niles Rutherford."

My uncle kept on looking into the fire and didn't say anything, but his mouth was awful hard. And then Aunt Emma jerked her apron up to her eyes and began to cry, and she put her arms around him. "I didn't mean you not havin' spunk, Bob," she said, all out of breath and looking up at him. "I'm just so taxed and wrought up. Don't you do any shootin', Bob. Promise you won't. Promise me, Bob."

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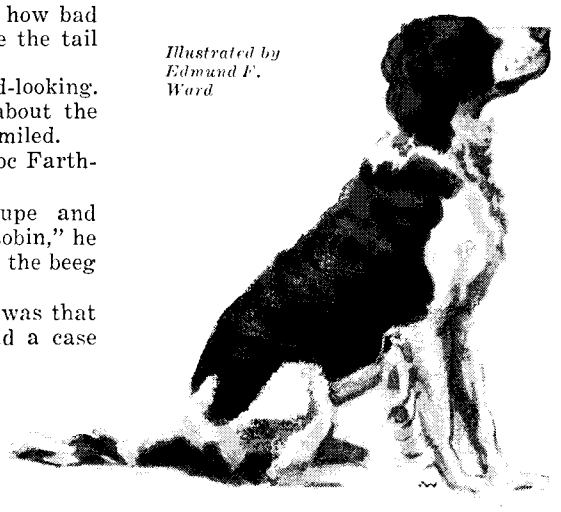
Illustrated by Edmund F. Ward



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Illustrated by Floyd Davis

Packy had not wholly given up the good old custom of looking squarely at pretty girls

Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

MR. J. WELLINGTON GEDGE and Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge live in Glendale, California. Mr. Gedge (due to the surprising conduct of the market) is poor. Mrs. Gedge is rich. They go to France, take a château—the Château Blissac, near the little town of St. Rocque. There Mr. Gedge receives a terrible shock. Mrs. Gedge, preparing to depart for England on business, informs him that the next *American ambassador to France will be*—J. Wellington Gedge!

The situation is fraught with peril. Invited by Mrs. Gedge, Senator Opal, the senator's daughter, and Vicomte de Blissac (reputed to be France's premier soak) will soon be guests of the Gedges. The senator is a power in Washington, D. C. The vicomte's mother is a power in France. They will get him the ambassador job. And Mr. Gedge does *not* want it! . . . Enter two interesting gentlemen: "Oily" Carlisle and "Soup" Slattery. Oily is a crook. Soup is a crook—and a safe-cracker. They meet at the bar of the Hôtel des Etrangers. And soon Mr. Carlisle has learned that Mr. Slattery is planning to rob the Gedges' château! . . .

Leaving the hotel, Mr. Slattery encounters Mr. Gedge, and learns that Mrs. Gedge owns $60,000 worth of jewels. She keeps them in a safe at the château. She is departing for England at once. Mr. Soup Slattery promptly informs Mr. Carlisle. "Superb!" says Mr. Carlisle. "We'll work together. I'll take the same boat as Mrs. Gedge. You stay—and attend to that safe." . . . And now let us meet the real hero of this story: Patrick B. ("Packy") Franklyn. American. Young. A sportsman. Rich. And engaged to none other than Lady Beatrice Bracken. We meet him in London, preparing to bid adieu to Lady Beatrice, who is bound for the country. He is making disparaging remarks about Blair Eggleston, writer of novels and a dear friend of Lady Beatrice. Suddenly—a hand strikes him violently between the shoulder blades. He wheels. "Veek!" he exclaims. "My old Packy!" yodels the interrupter.

II

IT WAS eighteen months since Packy had last seen that effervescent young French aristocrat, the Vicomte de Blissac. Mingled with his delight at seeing him now was the feeling that he wished the reunion could have taken place a few minutes after the departure of Beatrice's train instead of a few minutes before. His friendship with the heir of the de Blissacs dated back to the brave old days in New York, and something told him that the other was going to start talking about them. And experience had taught Packy that where Beatrice was concerned it was better to keep the whole subject of the brave old days a sealed book.

However, she had stopped rubbing her ankle, so there was nothing to do but present this ghost of his dead past.

"LADY BEATRICE BRACKEN, the Vicomte de Blissac."

Beatrice bowed. In her beautiful eyes, as she did so, there was a stony look. Packy read its message. She did not approve of the old Veek.

It was not often that Lady Beatrice Bracken did approve of Packy's friends. The discovery that he was on cordial terms with this Vicomte de Blissac, of whom she had heard much from time to time, did nothing to diminish her already rather pronounced resemblance to a smartly dressed iceberg.

"De Blissac and I saw a good deal of each other when he was in New York a couple of years ago," said Packy, with that slight touch of the apologetic which your well-trained fiancé employs on these occasions.

"We hotted it up," said the vicomte, quite unnecessarily adding explanatory footnotes. "We made whoopee. We paint that old town pink."

His eyes, which had widened a little at the sight of so much beauty at so short a range, now left Beatrice. It was plainly Packy, the old friend, in whom he was really interested.

"So you got home all right, my Packy?"

He chuckled amusedly and turned to Beatrice, all smiles, as one imparting delightful news.

"When last I see this old *farceur* it is in New York and he is jumping out of the window of a speakeasy with two policemen after him. Great fun. Great good fun. Do you remember, my Packy, that night when . . ."

"Are you off somewhere, Veek?" asked Packy hastily.

"Oh, yes. But do you remember. . . ?"

"Where?"

"I go to St. Rocque. I catch the train at a quarter past four to Southampton."

Packy sighed a sigh of relief.

"Well, do you? It's a debatable point. I don't know if you have happened to notice that it is now four-fourteen."

"*Zut!*" exclaimed the vicomte, and vanished like an eel into mud.

Beatrice was the first to break a silence during which the warm summer day seemed to cool off several degrees.

"You do know the most awful people."

"Oh, the Veek's all right."

"From what I have heard of him, I don't agree with you."

A porter opened the gates, and they passed through. They arrived at an empty first-class compartment, and Packy took up his stand at the door to repel intruders.

He had fallen into a meditative silence. He had just discovered, and was shocked to discover, that this meeting with the Vicomte de Blissac had affected him with a well-defined spasm of what the ancient Greeks called *pothos*, a sudden, deplorable nostalgia for that regrettable past of which the other had formed a part.

HE FOUGHT it down. It was revolting, he told himself, that the fiancé of a wonderful girl like Beatrice should not be utterly contented with his lot. True, he and the Veek had had some pretty good times together in the old days, but how far, far happier he was now, a reformed character under the personal supervision of the most beautiful girl in England.

By way of helping to stifle the quite

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improper wistfulness which the sight of his old friend had aroused in him, he reached for her hand and pressed it.

"It would be so good for you," said Beatrice, and Packy became aware that his reverie had caused him to miss her latest remarks.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was thinking of something. What was that?"

"I was just saying that I wished you would try to make friends with somebody worth while, like Mr. Eggleston. He wants you to meet him at a quarter to five in the lobby of the Northumberland Hotel. He is giving you tea."

"What!"

"And I want you to cultivate him. He is a most interesting man, and he will do you a lot of good."

A cloud had come over Packy's cheerful face.

"Have I really got to go and swill tea with this side-whiskered bird?"

"Don't call him a side-whiskered bird. Yes, you have. And the more you can be with him, the better. A friend like that will keep you from getting into mischief."

Packy started.

"Mischief? Me!"

"You know perfectly well that, left to yourself, you would get into hot water of some kind the moment my back was turned."

"I wouldn't dream . . ."

"Have you forgotten what happened when I went off to Norfolk two months ago?"

"But I explained that—explained it fully. I got mixed up in a birthday party . . ."

"Yes, and I don't want you to get mixed up in any more. They were very upset about that at home. You know how particular Father and Mother are."

Packy nodded penitently. Modern laxness, he was aware, had not touched the Earl of Stableford and his countess.

"Aunt Gwendolyn said you were a flippertygibbet."

"A what?"

"A flippertygibbet."

PACKY drew himself up a little haughtily. Comment and criticism from his affianced he was prepared to accept. But when it came to her moth-eaten relations shooting off their heads . . .

"That's all right what that old cat-fancier and cheater-at-solitaire says," he replied with a dignity which became him well. "Here's a little message which you can pass on to her from me. You can tell her . . . No, on second thoughts, perhaps better not. Just give her my love and say I hope it chokes her."

"I do hope you won't get slack while I'm away," said Beatrice, ignoring the last remark. "I want you to keep on going to concerts and picture galleries."

"Let 'em try to keep me out! That's all I say. Just let 'em try it."

"They are doing you so much good."

"You bet they are. I can feel the old soul swelling like a poisoned pup."

"Yascha Pryzsky is giving a recital at Queen's Hall tomorrow."

"Atta Yascha!"

"And there's that new play at the Gate Theater they say is so wonderful. What I feel is that if you were going about with a man like Blair Eggleston . . ."

Packy patted her hand fondly.

"I won't let him out of my sight. If you want me to sop up tea with him this afternoon, I will sop it up till my eyeballs squeak. And day by day in every way I will haunt him more and more. He shall dress of a morning and find me lurking in his left shoe . . . Hullo, you're off."

The train had given itself a shake and was now beginning to slide along the platform. Packy trotted beside it. Beatrice continued to lean out of the window.

"Well, mind you do see plenty of Mr. Eggleston."

"I bet it'll seem plenty."

"Don't miss Pryzsky."

"I won't."

"And see that play at the Gate."

"I will."

The train gathered speed. Packy removed his hat and waved it lovingly.

"And go and get your hair cut," screamed Beatrice. "You look like a chrysanthemum."

The train bore her out of sight.

PACKY stood on the platform, running an appraising hand over the back of his head. Yes, he saw what she meant. Slightly on the matted side, perhaps. Undoubtedly a suggestion of Absalom, the son of Saul. They had got the 4:21 off on the dot, so there would be ample time for him to look in at the barber-shop of the Hotel Northumberland before meeting the pill, Eggleston. He hailed a cab, feeling something of the valiant glow which comes to a knight who has been given a behest by his ladye and sees his way clear to the fulfillment of it.

The barber shop of the Hotel Northumberland, which is situated in the basement of that well-known caravansary, is as a rule a busy, bustling place, gay with the click of scissors and all the latest news about the weather. To Packy's surprise, it contained, when he entered it some minutes later, not only no customers but, oddly enough, no barbers, either. A strange quiet enfolded the room, and the scent of bay rum hung eerily over its emptiness.

But he was not in the frame of mind to devote much attention to the matter. He relished rather than marveled at this solitude. Sitting down to wait, he gave himself up to long, loving thoughts of Beatrice.

A quarter of an hour later, he awoke to discover that the place was still entirely free from barbers.

For these apparently inexplicable mysteries there is always a solution. We cannot here go into the rights and wrongs of the case, though it was one fraught with great interest; we must content ourselves with stating that for some little while past disaffection had been rearing its ugly head among the hairdressing staff of the Hotel Northumberland, with the result that at precisely four o'clock that afternoon a lightning strike had been called and the rebels had downed scissors.

Unaware of this, Packy continued to sit perplexed. And he had just decided to give the thing up and take his custom elsewhere, when the telephone rang at his elbow.

TO IGNORE a ringing telephone is one of the few feats of which humanity has so far proved incapable. Packy took up the receiver, and instantaneously a loud and irascible voice with an American intonation nearly broke his eardrum.

"Hello! Hello! HELL-O! Say, how many more times have I got to call up before I get a little service? Come on! Come on! If this is the way you run your hotels on this side, God help England! Do you think I've nothing better to do than sit here trying to get a blasted barber shop on the wire? Come on! Come on!"

"Are you there?" inquired Packy mildly.

The Voice seemed to resent the question.

"Are *you* there, darn it! That's the point. I've been ringing for the last half hour. What's the matter with you all? Deaf or something? This is Senator Opal speaking, from Suite 400. I want a man up here at once. Senator Ambrose Opal. Suite 400. Send a man here immediately. I want my hair cut."

It was on the tip of Packy's tongue to inform the other that by one of those coincidences which so often occur in life he himself was in precisely the same situation. But even as he opened his mouth to reveal this bond which linked them, he became aware of a disturbing emotion.

He diagnosed it immediately. It was the Old Adam stirring within him once more.

In his unregenerate days, in that graceless past before Beatrice's beneficent influence had come to give his soul its daily dozen, such an opportunity for making a fool of himself would have enchanted him. With a good deal of dismay he found that it was enchanting him now. Indeed, it was making his mouth water. Only the thought of Beatrice . . .

"Come on! Come on!"

And yet, would Beatrice wish him to reject an experience which could scarcely fail to enrich his outlook on life?

"Come on! Come on! Come on!"

Suddenly Packy's conscience was at rest. He wondered what he had been hesitating for. Beatrice, he saw now, would be the first to applaud the bringing of aid and comfort to a distressed senator. To go and hack at this old buster's thatch would be to perform a kindly and altruistic act, very much the same sort of thing for which Sir Philip Sidney and the Boy Scouts are so highly thought of. He rather doubted if even Beatrice's Aunt Gwendolyn could find anything in it to view with concern.

And there was another thing. This obviously must be the famous Senator Opal, the great Dry legislator, the man who had only just failed to put over the Opal bill, which was to have been about six times as severe as the Volstead Act. If he shrank from the proposed tryst, he would probably never get another chance of meeting this celebrity. And Beatrice was always saying how much she wanted him to meet the best people.

For Beatrice's sake, then, he must certainly see the thing through.

"I will be right up, sir," he said respectfully.

PACKY FRANKLYN was not an unreasonable young man. He knew that you cannot have everything just so in this world. Nevertheless, as he entered Suite 400, he could have wished that its occupant had been a shade less formidable. His first sight of Senator Ambrose Opal made him feel as if he had taken on the lion-barbering concession at a zoo.

The sponsor of the Opal bill was a man of medium height and rather more than medium girth. He had the mass

(Continued on page 31)

"And go and get your hair cut," screamed Beatrice. "You look like a chrysanthemum"

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Acme

Top, center, Roger Cramer; right, Jack Saltzgaver, Fritz Knothe, Babe Herman, Hack Wilson, Sam Byrd, Len Koenecke, Stanley Hack, Sam West, Frank Crosetti, Art Shires, Harold Schumacher

Game of Chance

Good players and an able manager don't always make a champion team. Connie Mack found that out when his world series champs of 1913 suddenly dropped to the bottom and remained there seven years. Baseball can be as fickle as Fate

By Grantland Rice

WHY is it," asks a baffled baseball fanatic, "that a good manager can have a pennant-winning team two or three years and then suddenly drop to the bottom of the list?"

The rise and fall, or the fall and rise, of baseball standings has always been one of the most interesting features of the game. When a team suddenly flops into a rut and stays there the manager is often blamed. And yet this same manager may have turned out more than his share of pennant winners. There are certain conditions that the greatest manager of all time could never meet without a turn in luck.

For example, Connie Mack and his Athletics show you direct evidence of baseball's changing fortunes. In 1905 Mack had a pennant winner and in 1906 and 1907 he began breaking up his old squad. By the spring of 1910 he was all set to light the fireworks, and for the next five years he had a club that came near wrecking the game. These were the years of McInnis, Collins, Barry and Baker, of Bender, Plank and Coombs. This squad won four pennants and three world championships from 1910 through 1914.

After the debacle of the 1914 series, where the Braves won four straight, Connie Mack once more decided to break up his old combination and start building another flag-winning machine. This time it was a different story.

Connie Mack's Darkest Days

But what happened after 1914? For seven years Connie Mack and his Athletics finished in last place. Through those seven years his teams lost more than 700 ball games. Apparently the Athletics were permanent dwellers in the cellar, the underground champions of all time. Mack had the same scouting system and year after year his dragnet was out for the best talent he could find. He must have bought or signed up more than five hundred young ball players from almost every sector of the map But year after year the Athletics stayed in the cellar, the jokes of the game.

Then slowly and uncertainly they began to emerge. But it was not until 1929, fifteen years after the break-up, that Connie Mack was ready again to go after the penthouse he had known from 1910 through 1914. Suddenly everything began to click once more, with Grove, Earnshaw and Walberg pitching to Mickey Cochrane and with Simmons, Foxx and Cochrane batting in runs.

How could it happen? The same manager who was winning pennants from 1910 through 1914, who was finishing at the end of the list from 1915 through 1921, started 1932 with three successive pennants to his credit and a pretty fair prospect of making it four.

Grove and Cochrane came to the Athletics in 1925 when Mack was still floundering out of the race. That season Jimmy Foxx at the age of eighteen played only ten games for Mack. A year later he played only twenty-six games. Cochrane had been spotted as an all-around athlete with Boston University and Grove had been one of Jack Dunn's Baltimore stars for several seasons.

By 1928 Mack had a real team coming along. Mickey Cochrane had developed into one of the great catchers of baseball. Jimmy Foxx at the age of twenty-one had gotten the seasoning needed for a full campaign. Bob Grove, always brilliant but erratic, had at last discovered how to use his speed, how to save his steam.

The same manager who could not get out of last place for seven years won his ninth pennant in 1931. There you have part of the story of baseball.

The Rise and Fall of Boston

The cyclone that struck Boston was just as devastating. Boston, one of the greatest of all baseball cities, possibly the greatest over a stretch of years, knew one triumph after another. The Red Sox won the first unofficial world series of 1903 against the Pirates. The Red Sox beat the Giants in 1912. The Braves crushed the Athletics in 1914. The Red Sox won again in 1915, 1916 and 1918. In 1919 they had the famous Ruth and a great club.

Then an outside owner stepped in to sell Ruth and ten of Boston's best ball players to New York. This wholesale transfer made the New York Yankees; it gave New York six or seven championship teams and wrecked Boston's baseball hopes.

Year after year Boston has been struggling to get back into select baseball society. It has known smart club owners and wise managers. But even this combination hasn't been able to restore its baseball prosperity. In their day of glory the Red Sox had Lewis, Speaker and Hooper for an outfield. Here was an outfield and an infield combined. The smartest manager in the game and the most liberal club owner might work for years and yet fail to get a combination within seventy per cent of this brilliant trio.

Frank Chance, known as "The Peerless Leader" of the Cubs, also has traveled up hill and down dale. Chance and his Cubs set a National League record of 116 victories in one season. They won pennants in 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1910. They won the world series in 1907 and 1908.

That team still stands as one of the great ball clubs of all time. In Sheckard, Hofman and Schulte they had an outfield to compare with Lewis, Speaker and Hooper. In Chance, Evers, Tinker and Steinfeldt they had an infield to compare with Tenney, Lowe, Long and Collins of Boston, with McInnis, Collins, Barry and Baker of the Athletics. They had one of the game's great catchers in Johnny Kling. They had Miner Brown, Overall, Reulbach, Pfeister and other star pitchers.

Frank Chance knew the glory of four pennant years. But when he came to the Yankees he could not lift the New York team out of the rut.

The Red Sox called Bill Carrigan, a former successful manager, back to restore their waning glory. But even the able Carrigan could not stem the tide. It takes more than cash and able managerial leadership to develop a pennant winner.

Baseball is like a huge roulette wheel. The finest manager in the world, plus a wad of money, may not only fail to win a pennant but may even finish up in fifth or sixth place. It has happened to Connie Mack, to John McGraw, to Frank Chance, to all the leaders of the game. The game is a vast lottery, which is perhaps one reason why it still intrigues so many millions of fans.

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Underground

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Jerome Barry

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

HE WAS a mousy little man in shirt-sleeves, with a green eye-shade and black alpaca sleeves guarding his cuffs, who crouched all day over his charts and diagrams in the drafting-room of the telephone company. He loved his charts. They were clean and white and accurate, in a world that was confused, messy, savage and generally puzzling. When the construction department sent along a dog-eared, dirty blueprint, scrawled with untidy measurements in red caustic, a report of happenings in the brawling world of action, Joseph Tierney eyed it with uneasy distaste. Quickly he took T square and triangle and lettering pen, and translated the untidy information into beautifully ordered lines and symbols on the great complex face of the chart.

Underground — U. G. — was Joseph Tierney's territory. He cared nothing for the aërial cables that swung in long sagging loops from pole to high pole—or, rather, that ran in straight red lines from one green dot to another on the spider maps. Someone else handled the spiders. Joseph Tierney dealt with "subways" — runs of many-celled tile ducts that burrowed through the blind tangle of mains and pipes and conduits in the scrambled puzzle beneath the smooth pavement of every city street. And he dealt with U. G. cables—lead-skinned boa constrictors of six, ten, twelve hundred pairs of wires, that lay torpid in the ducts, digesting an endless meal of words. They were almost alive to Joseph Tierney; his dust-brown head held all sorts of facts about them—much of what his charts knew and some of the things they had forgotten. He knew where manholes were, and what you would find if you lifted their lids. More than that, he could tap a square black toe just so far from the curb on a blank stretch of asphalt and say, "Dig down six feet seven inches and you'll hit the Main-Bushwick trunk."

IT WAS odd to find himself talking about such things to Etta's new young man, for usually he spent his evenings in a kitchen chair tilted back against the gas stove, working a cross-word puzzle. Tonight he had slipped into the living-room to try to have a minute with the radio, not knowing that Harry Coutts was waiting there for Etta.

"You really could do that?" Coutts asked attentively. He was a dark young man, with the air of one who listens sagely and acts on what he hears.

"To an inch," Joseph Tierney said.

"Ever any other kinds of cables in the telephone subways?"

"Sure. We lease ducts to the ticker people, for instance."

"And burglar-alarm cables?"

"Yes, sirree. And fire alarm and—"

Mrs. Tierney, a stout, handsome woman, came out with Etta and banished her husband to the kitchen with a look.

Two weeks later, on his way home from the office, Mr. Tierney had a gun rammed into his ribs as he left the subway. Four men thrust him into a closed car that held some picks and shovels and a powerful pair of compound shears. They drove him to an apartment where he sat with dry mouth while two hours passed.

Harry Coutts came to him then.

"The Republic Bank is wired by the Hawkes Protective Company. You know where the Hawkes cable runs."

Joseph Tierney blinked. For his long years of work he had three things to show: two daughters and a small account at the Republic. He said, "You're fooling, Harry. Listen—you've been a guest in my home—"

COUTTS said, "Plug in that iron, Whitey."

One of the men connected a small electric soldering iron.

"You know where that cable runs?" Coutts said.

"Yes," Joseph Tierney whispered.

"Now, think. Somewhere it must go under a place that's out of sight of the street. We can't risk a manhole. Think. And think quick."

Joseph Tierney dug his fingers into his dust-brown hair. He eyed the iron and trembled. He nodded. "At Ninth Street, on account of the new Interborough tracks, the duct goes under a vacant lot—"

Coutts telephoned. "Okay, Patsy," he told someone. "Eleven o'clock."

Mr. Tierney said hopefully, "If you cut the wires, you'll break the circuit and give the alarm."

"If we cut the whole cable," Coutts sneered, "they'll run in circles trying to figure where to go first."

Joseph Tierney dropped into the pit, lit eerily by a flashlight. For the first time in his life he looked at a real duct. Mr. Tierney laid a finger on one of half a dozen cold, dark pythons. "I think this is it," he said doubtfully. "Or, no—no—it's this one."

On only one subject in his life had he ever shown cocksureness, and even that seemed to fail him now.

"Cut 'em all," Coutts ordered, his voice taut.

The compound shears bit their way through the cables, one by one, Joseph Tierney lending an ingratiatingly eager hand until he was pushed aside. Halfway through the job the shears jammed, and it was minutes before they could be cleared. Finally the last cable lay severed.

"Do we knock this guy off here," Whitey asked, turning the flashlight on Tierney, "or do we dump him out somewhere else?"

"Take a pickaxe to him," Coutts said curtly. Tierney tried to run, but quick hands held him.

"Put 'em way high up," said a voice out of the darkness. "You're under arrest."

"Wha——what—" Coutts gasped.

"THEY were just stupid, Sergeant," Joseph Tierney explained to the officer in charge of the policemen. "I picked out this subway because it has the police cable in it. I had them cut that first, and then the fire-alarm cable, and then I jammed up the shears with a piece of scrap, so's when the central office began to go crazy the galvanometer men would have time to figure exactly where the break was and tell the police just where to come to. The Hawkes cable isn't here at all, of course. I guessed this Patsy would have a tough time when he broke through the burglar alarms and found the Hawkes men right on his neck." He spoke, not exultantly, but with a preoccupied dejection.

"They were just stupid, Sergeant," he explained

"Patsy?" the sergeant said, and looked at Coutts closely. "Yes, sir, this is Patsy Ruotolo's gang! Brother, you're due for a piece of change. There's a reward. . . . Well, for gourd's sakes, that's nothing to bust out cryin' over! What's gripin' ya?"

Joseph Tierney shook his head regretfully, and stared at the pit. "The first duct I've ever dug for," he said, "and it was a foot and a half out of the way. First thing in the morning, I've got to check that chart."

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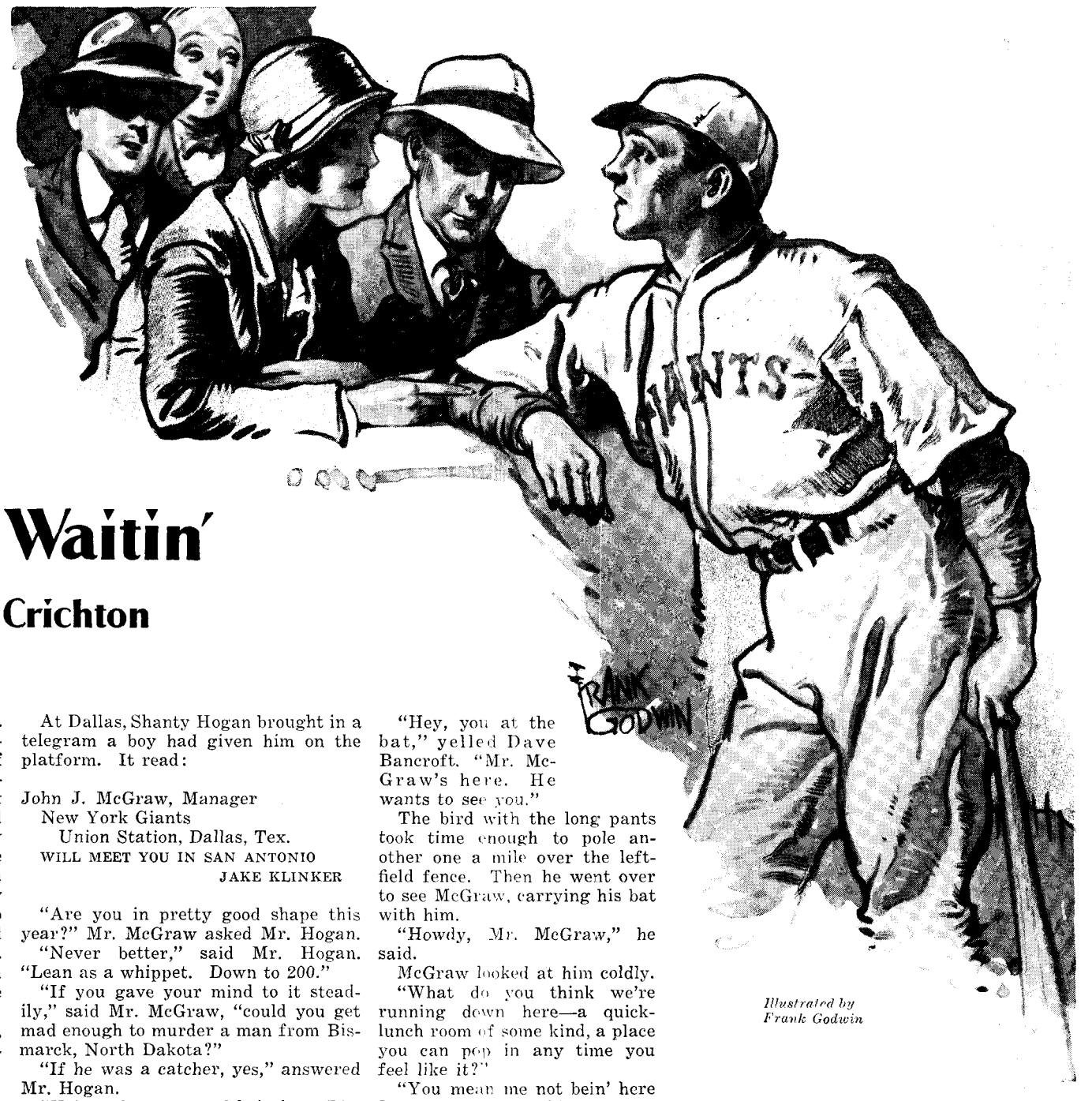

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

A drama of love and baseball—and Jake Klinker, who must have been good

Sorta Waitin'

By K. S. Crichton

WHEN the Giants got to St. Louis, it was raining and McGraw didn't even come out of his drawing-room. The players who had started from New York went out on the platform and welcomed the bunch getting on there. Bill Terry had come up from Memphis and there was a new outfielder named Durck from Fort Smith, Arkansas, and two new pitchers and Freddy Lindstrom, who had come down from Chicago, and Bill Walker, who lived in East St. Louis. They'd pick up the rest in Tulsa or in San Antonio, where the Giants were training.

Eddie Brannick, the secretary, brought a telegram into the drawing-room. It read:

John J. McGraw, Manager
New York Giants
Union Station, St. Louis, Mo.
WILL MEET YOU IN TULSA
JAKE KLINKER

"Who's this bird?" asked Mr. McGraw.

"That's the shortstop from Evansville," said Eddie. "He lives out in Bismarck, North Dakota. He was supposed to meet us here."

"Is that the one Bill Hennessey talked us into?"

"Bill almost got purple in the neck about him. Says he's the greatest hitting shortstop he ever saw."

"I imagine," said Mr. McGraw sourly.

"Well, you know Bill. He's pretty hard-boiled."

"We still have Jackson," said Mr. McGraw. "He's a pretty good shortstop himself."

"Well, all I know," answered Eddie, "is that he was supposed to be here and he isn't."

IN TULSA next morning a messenger boy got Manager McGraw out of bed at five o'clock to give him a telegram. It read:

John J. McGraw, Manager
New York Giants
Union Station, Tulsa, Okla.
WILL MEET YOU IN DALLAS
JAKE KLINKER

"Will you get out of here before I kill you?" Mr. McGraw asked the boy.

At Dallas, Shanty Hogan brought in a telegram a boy had given him on the platform. It read:

John J. McGraw, Manager
New York Giants
Union Station, Dallas, Tex.
WILL MEET YOU IN SAN ANTONIO
JAKE KLINKER

"Are you in pretty good shape this year?" Mr. McGraw asked Mr. Hogan.

"Never better," said Mr. Hogan. "Lean as a whippet. Down to 200."

"If you gave your mind to it steadily," said Mr. McGraw, "could you get mad enough to murder a man from Bismarck, North Dakota?"

"If he was a catcher, yes," answered Mr. Hogan.

"He's a shortstop and he's from Bismarck, North Dakota," said Mr. McGraw.

"I never heard of a shortstop from North Dakota," said Mr. Hogan.

"Well, just assume that you did," suggested Mr. McGraw.

"I never even heard of North Dakota," said Mr. Hogan.

WHEN Mr. McGraw came down to breakfast next morning in San Antonio, the clerk handed him a telegram.

"Don't bother," said Mr. McGraw. "I know."

The telegram read:

John J. McGraw, Manager
New York Giants
Union Station, San Antonio, Tex.
STAYED OVER FOR HIGH SCHOOL DANCE STOP BE THERE MONDAY
JAKE KLINKER

Mr. McGraw turned to the hotel clerk.

"I'm expecting a man here Monday by the name of Klinker. Will you see he's thrown out in the alley?"

The clerk got busy right away making a note.

"Klinker—Monday—alley."

On Wednesday afternoon when McGraw got out to the ball park, he came in just in time to see a shaggy-haired fellow, with his ball pants down to his ankles, lay a drive up against the right center fence with a bang which could be heard over in the next county.

"Hey, you at the bat," yelled Dave Bancroft. "Mr. McGraw's here. He wants to see you."

The bird with the long pants took time enough to pole another one a mile over the left-field fence. Then he went over to see McGraw, carrying his bat with him.

"Howdy, Mr. McGraw," he said.

McGraw looked at him coldly.

"What do you think we're running down here—a quick-lunch room of some kind, a place you can pop in any time you feel like it?"

"You mean me not bein' here Monday like I said?"

"I mean your not being in St. Louis as you were instructed."

"Well, I'll tell you about that, Mr. McGraw. My best gal was graduatin' from high school and she won't never be graduatin' again."

"What's more important to you—baseball or this high-school girl of yours?"

"Well, I'll tell you about that, Mr. McGraw: when you're down here in San Antone, baseball's most important. But when you're a sittin' up there in Bismarck with your best gal, sittin's the most important."

"You'll probably do a lot of sitting down here too. . . . You're a shortstop, eh?"

"It don't much matter, Mr. McGraw, so long's I get a sock at 'em."

"Oh, you're a hitter."

"Yes, sir; that's me."

"Go on back out there and snag some flies," said Mr. McGraw.

Jake walked back out with Dave Bancroft.

"I don't blame Mr. McGraw for feelin' thataway," said Jake. "He wouldn't feel thataway, though, if he knew Emmy."

"Even a manager can't have all the breaks," said Dave.

THE Giants broke up into two teams at the end of the training season and Jake Klinker went with the second team. Dan Kelly handled that outfit and they played all the jerk-water towns Eddie Brannick could find on the map. They swore Eddie invented a town down in Mississippi just so he could fill an open date.

McGraw was having his troubles with the first team and Kelly didn't bother him with reports. There were no newspaper men with the second team and all the papers ever had was the score by innings and the batteries and about three lines of reading matter.

The two squads joined up in Indianapolis a week before the National League season started. They were to play one game in Indianapolis, jump into Columbus for another and then right into New York, where they opened with the Boston Braves.

"WELL," said McGraw, when he met Kelly in the hotel at Indianapolis, "tell me the worst. Anybody we can keep? How about the left-hander from Wilkes-Barre?"

"Not so bad."

"How was young Haviland?"

"He's fine covering the bag."

"Did he ever start hitting?"

"No, but Klinker did."

"You mean that fresh kid from South Dakota?"

"North Dakota . . . Bismarck, North Dakota. He has a girl named Emmy."

"What do I care about a girl named Emmy?"

"You just think you don't care. Either you care about Emmy or you go over in the next county to keep from hearing about it."

"Ship him back to Evansville," said

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It was Emmy. She was leaning out of the box talking to Jake. Umpire Reardon was on the verge of apoplexy. "Get on back here!" he howled

Mr. McGraw. "I don't want to hear about Emmy."

"You won't ship him back on my recommendation. He almost killed a brakeman in Paris, Kentucky."

"A tough guy, eh? Fighting. Ship him back, I tell you."

"You know that park in Paris with the railroad running right by it? Well, This Klinker hit one so far over the left-field fence it almost knocked a brakeman off the top of a fast freight. Longest ball ever hit in Kentucky. They were still measuring when we left."

"How's his fielding?"

"I was hoping you wouldn't mention that, Mr. McGraw. I put him out in right field and a fly ball hit him on the head. I put him at shortstop and he knocked down a drive and then threw the ball almost over the grandstand. I put him at first base when Haviland wasn't hitting and he hasn't caught a ball over there yet. Said he couldn't get his mind on the game because he told Emmy to write him a letter there and it hadn't come—"

"Care of the Union Station?"

"No, general delivery. But he never got it."

"But he can hit?"

"My advice is to keep him with the team for the sake of our infield. If he ever gets into the regular line-up, he'll tear a leg off every third baseman in the league."

THEY took Hubbell out in the eighth inning of the opener with Boston and put Jake in to hit for him.

"This is as good a time as any," said McGraw. "Go on up there, Wonder Boy."

Jake went up and took a cut at the first three balls thrown by Ed Brandt and came back to the bench. He missed the last one by a foot.

He came back to the dugout as if he didn't know fifty-five thousand people were still howling at him. He laid his bat down carefully on the pile and came down the steps slowly, as if his mind were a million miles away. He didn't even look in McGraw's direction. McGraw didn't look at him. He just gave Dan Kelly the cut-my-throat and turned back to the diamond.

Dan slid over to Jake on the bench.

"What the heck—" he said.

"Dan, I been worryin'," said Jake. "I got somethin' on my mind."

"I know, but why didn't you let a couple go by, anyhow?"

"When you got something on your mind," said Jake, "you just might as well take a sock at 'em. You ain't gonna hit 'em, nohow."

"Well, you made an awful mug out of me. After me telling everybody what a socker you were."

"When you got somethin' on your mind, you ain't no socker nor nothin'," said Jake philosophically.

The next day, he got a letter. It was from Emmy. McGraw put him in as a pinch-hitter against Boston, with the score 3 to 3 in the ninth. He whammed out a home-run.

After that Dan went into session with Jimmie Branson, coach of the pitchers.

"You can get hold of some of those letters he gets from that Emmy?" asked Jimmie.

"Get hold of them! You can't get away from them. He'd read them out loud in the clubhouse if you'd give him a chance."

"Well, I can get a girl to copy the handwriting and then we can spring one sometime when he hasn't heard from Emmy and is in one of those slumps."

"If you can do it, it's a great stunt."

"Don't worry," said Jimmie.

THEY pulled the first one on him in Pittsburgh, the day after he had struck out with the bases full. The letter was in the box at the hotel when he came back at noon.

Dan stuck around while he opened it. It was postmarked Bismarck, North Dakota, but Jake took one look and laughed.

"What's the matter?" asked Dan.

"This is dog-gone funny, Mr. Kelly. There's somebody out home's tryin' to make a joke with me, writin' like it was Emmy and signin' her name and all like that. I betcha I know who done it, too."

"You're sure it isn't Emmy?"

"No, sir, Mr. Kelly. Emmy went to high school like what I told you; Emmy don't write thataway. I just been down to general delivery and I got a letter from Emmy." That blew Dan up.

"Good Lord," he shouted, "why don't you marry the girl and cut out all this rural free delivery!"

"Mr. Kelly, I'd sure like to. But I ain't her feller. She's sweet on Sam Petrie, who works in the lumber yard."

"Do you mean to say she'd take somebody in a lumber yard in preference to a big-league ball player!"

"Well, Sam, he don't exactly just work there. His papa, Mr. Petrie, he owns that lumber yard and Sam he runs it for him."

"Does Emmy like Sam better than she likes you?"

"No, I guess maybe she don't, Mr. Kelly. But she don't like me a-runnin' around thisaway with no trade nor business what you might call. And she says I'll prob'ly get a-drinkin' and all like that and pretty soon I won't have no job."

"Listen," said Mr. Kelly hotly. "A ball player as good as you can make more money in a year than that knothole expert out there can in a lifetime. You tell her that."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Kelly. Emmy, she's right crazy about me. But it ain't her; it's her folks. Emmy, she'd marry me in a minute. But her sister is married to a man named Caldwell and he ain't done a lick of work for three years and Emmy's folks keep 'em both. I told Emmy's papa about Mr.

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING found, looted and destroyed the long-lost tomb of El Mokanna, the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassân," Sir Lionel Barton, world-famous Orientalist, goes to Ispahân. There, Dr. van Berg, a member of the party, is intrusted with a green iron box containing the Prophet's sword ("The Sword of God"), his gold-graven "New Creed," and his golden mask. Van Berg is murdered while defending the box in his room.

Across the street is an ancient edifice—the "Ghost Mosque"—from which the killer has apparently *flown* to his victim's room! . . . Sir Denis Nayland Smith, for years with Scotland Yard, arrives on the scene. "You," he says, addressing Sir Lionel, Rima Barton, his charming niece, and her fiancé, Shan Greville, who tells the story, "are in great peril. El Mokanna's followers—murderous fanatics all—are plotting to retrieve those relics."

That night the killer comes—through the air, as before—and, under Shan's very eyes, *vanishes* with the box!

But Nayland Smith has observed the whole weird episode. He has seen a Negro, utilizing an ingenious mechanism, swing himself from the roof of the mosque across the street: he has seen him emerge with the box; *he has killed the intruder by causing* him to fall to the street.

But the box is not to be found. Sir Lionel had, however, taken the precaution of removing the precious relics.

A wave of fanaticism is sweeping the East. Behind the plotters is the most powerful, the most evil secret organization in the entire world: the mysterious Si-Fan. And leading them, directing them, is a sinister figure—the most sinister the earth has ever known. "I know," says Nayland Smith, "because I've seen him—here: the terrible *Dr. Fu Manchu!*"

IV

WEARY though I was of all the East, nevertheless Cairo represented civilization. I think I have never felt a greater wave of satisfaction than at the moment when, completing the third and longest stage of our flight from Ispahân, we climbed down upon the sands of Egypt.

Dr. Petrie was there to meet us; and the greeting between himself and Sir Denis, whilst it had all the restraint which characterizes our peculiar race, was nevertheless so intimate and affectionate that I turned away and helped Rima down the ladder.

When the chief, last to alight, joined his old friend, I felt that Rima and I had no further part in the affair.

It should have been a happy reunion, but a cloud lay over it—a cloud which I, personally, was helpless to dispel.

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Dr. Petrie, no whit changed since last I had seen him, broke away from Sir Denis and the chief and hugged Rima and myself in both arms. The best of men are not wholly unselfish; and part of Petrie's present happiness was explainable by something which I had overheard as he had grasped Nayland Smith's hand:

"Thank God, old man! Kâra is home in England. . . ."

Mrs. Petrie, the most beautiful woman I have ever met (Rima is not jealous of my opinion), was staying with Petrie's people in Surrey, where the doctor anticipated joining her shortly.

I was sincerely glad. For the gaunt shadow of Fu Manchu again had crept over us, and the lovely wife whom Petrie had snatched from that evil genius was in safe keeping beyond the reach of the menace which stretched over us even here.

NEVERTHELESS this was a momentary hiatus, if no more than momentary. Rima extended her arms, raised her adorable little head and breathed in the desert air, as one inhaling a heavenly perfume.

"Shan," she said, "I don't feel a bit safe yet. But at least we are in Egypt, *our* Egypt!"

Those words, "our Egypt," quickened my pulse. It was in Egypt that I had met her, and in Egypt that I had learned to love her. But above and beyond even this, they held a deeper significance. There is something about Egypt which seems to enter the blood of some of us, and to make that old, secret land a sort of super-motherland. I lack the power properly to express what I mean, but over and over again I have found this odd sort of cycle operating—suggesting some mystic affinity with the "gift of the Nile" which, once recognized, can never be shaken off.

"Our Egypt!" Yes, I appreciated what she meant. . . .

Dr. Petrie had his car waiting, and presently we set out for Cairo. Our pilot, Humphreys, had official routine duties to perform, but arrangements were made for his joining us later.

The chief and Nayland Smith and Rima packed themselves in behind and I sat beside Dr. Petrie in front. Having cleared the outskirts of Heliopolis and got out onto the road to Cairo:

"This last job of yours, Greville," said Petrie, "in Khorassân, has had its echoes even here."

"Good heavens! You don't tell me!"

"I assure you it is so. I hadn't the faintest idea until Smith's first message reached me that this extraordinary outburst of fanaticism which is stirring up the Moslem population (and has its particular center at El Azhar) had anything to do with old Barton. Now I know."

He paused, steering a careful course through those immemorable thoroughfares where East and West mingle. Our pilot had just tricked sunset and we drove on amid the swift, violet, ever-changing dusk; dodging familiar native groups; a donkey-rider now and then—with villas shrinking right and left into the shadows, and dusty palms beginning to assume an appearance of silhouettes against that sky which is the roof of Egypt.

"It may have reached me earlier than it reached the authorities," Dr. Petrie went on; "I have many native patients. But that the Veiled Prophet is reborn is common news throughout the native quarter!"

"This is damned serious!" said I.

Petrie swept left to avoid a party of three aged Egyptians trudging along the road to Cairo as though automobiles had not been invented.

"When I realized what lay behind it," Petrie added, "I could only find one redeeming feature—that my wife, thank God, is in England. The center of the trouble is farther east, but there's a big reaction here."

"THE center of the trouble," rapped Nayland Smith, evidently having overheard some part of our conversation, "is here, in your car, Petrie!"

"What!"

The doctor's sudden grip on the wheel jerked us from the right to the center of the road, until he steadied himself; then:

"I don't know what you mean, Smith," he added.

"He means the big suitcase which I have with me!" the chief shouted. "It's under my feet now!"

We were traversing a dark patch at the moment, with a crossways ahead of us and a native café on the left. Petrie, a careful driver, had been trying for some time to pass a cart laden with fodder, which jogged along obstinately in the middle of the road. Suddenly it was pulled in, and the doctor shot past.

Even as Sir Lionel spoke, and before Petrie could hope to avert the catastrophe, out from the nearer side of this café, supported by two companions, a man (apparently drunk or full of hashish) came lurching. I had a hazy impression that the two supporters had sprung back; then, although Petrie swerved violently and applied brakes, a sickening thud told me that we had struck him. . . .

A crowd gathered in a twinkling. They were, I noted, exclusively native. Petrie was out first—I behind him—bending over the victim of the accident. Nayland Smith came next, and then Rima.

Voices were raised in high excitement. Men were gesticulating and shaking clenched fists at us.

"Carry him in," said Petrie quietly. "I want to look at him. But I think this man is dead. . . ."

On a wooden seat in the café we laid

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Although Petrie swerved violently, a sickening thud told me that we had struck the Egyptian

the victim, an elderly Egyptian, very raggedly dressed, who might have been a mendicant. A shouting mob blocked the doorway and swarmed about us. Their attitude was unpleasant.

Nayland Smith grabbed my arm.

"Give 'em hell in their own language!" he directed. "You're a past master of the lingo."

I turned, hands upraised, and practically exhausted my knowledge of Arab invective. I was so far successful as to produce a lull of stupefaction during which the doctor made a brief examination.

RIMA throughout had kept close beside me; Nayland Smith stood near the feet of the victim—his face an unreadable mask, but his piercing gray eyes questioning Petrie. And at last:

"Where's Barton?" said Petrie astonishingly, standing upright and looking about him—from Rima to myself and from me to Nayland Smith.

"Never mind Barton," said the latter. "Is the man dead?"

"Dead?" Petrie echoed. "He's been dead for at least three hours! He's rigid. . . . Where's Barton?"

Sir Denis forming the head of the wedge, the four of us fought our way out of the café to the street, Petrie and I acting as Rima's bodyguard.

The hostility of the crowd was now becoming nasty. The mystery of the thing had literally turned me cold. Then, to crown it all, as we gained the open, I was just in time to see the chief, standing beside Petrie's car, deliver a formidable drive to the jaw of a big Nubian, and to see the Negro sprawl upon his back.

"A *frame-up*, Smith!" came his great voice, as he sighted us. "To me, Cavaliers! We're in the hands of the Roundheads!"

So strange a plot I could never have imagined, but its significance was all too obvious. The chief's cry was characteristic of the man's entire outlook on life. He was a throwback to days when personal combat was a gentleman's recreation. His book, History and Art of the Rapier, might have been written by a Musketeer, so wholly was the spirit of the author steeped in his bloodthirsty subject. It was this boyish diablerie which made him as lovable, but perhaps as dangerous, a companion as any man ever had.

One thing, however, I could not find it in my heart to forgive him: that he should expose Rima to perils consequent to his crazy enthusiasms. I had come to want her near me in every waking moment. Yet now, with that threatening crowd about us and with every evidence that a secret enemy had engineered this holdup, I found myself wishing that she, as well as Mrs. Petrie, had been safe in England.

HOW we should have fared, and how that singular episode would have ended, I cannot say. It was solved by the appearance of a member of one of the most efficient organizations in the world: a British-Egyptian policeman, his tarbûsh worn at a jaunty angle, his blue tunic unwrinkled as though it had left the tailor's only that morning. His khaki breeches were first-class, and his very boots apparently unsoiled by the dust. He elbowed his way into the crowd—aloof, alone, self-contained, all powerful.

I had seen the same calm, official intrusion on the part of a New York policeman, and I had witnessed it with admiration in London. But never before had I welcomed it so as at the appearance of this semi-military figure that night on the outskirts of Cairo.

Gesticulating Egyptians sought to enlist his sympathy and hearing. He was deaf. It dawned upon me that the casual onlookers had been deceived as completely as ourselves. We were regarded as the slayers of the poor old mendicant. But the appearance of that stocky figure changed everything.

As we reached Barton:

"Is the case safe?" snapped Nayland Smith, glancing down at the Negro, now rapidly getting to his feet.

"It is," the chief replied grimly. "That's what they were after."

Sir Denis nodded shortly and turned to the police officer.

"*Your* car, sir?" asked the latter. "What's the trouble?"

"Remains to be investigated! You turned up at the right moment. My name is Nayland Smith. Have you been advised?"

The man started—stared hard, and then:

"Yes, sir." He saluted. "Two days ago. Carry on, sir. I'll deal with all this."

"Good. You're a smart officer; what's your name?"

"John Banks, sir, on special duty here tonight."

"I'll mention you at headquarters. . . ."

"I AM not prepared to believe," said Sir Lionel, walking up and down the big room reserved for him at Shepheard's, "that even Dr. Fu Manchu could have had a stock of dead men waiting on the road from Heliopolis."

"Neither am I," said Nayland Smith. "We may have avoided earlier traps. Those three old fellows. Petrie—" turning to the doctor—"who seemed so reluctant to get out of your way, you remember, and the cart laden with fodder. I don't suggest for a moment, Barton, that that poor old beggar was killed to serve the purpose; but Petrie here is of opinion that he died either from enteritis or poisoning, and the employment of a body in that way was probably a local inspiration on the part of the agents planted at that particular stage of our journey. He was pulled out, to the best of my recollection, from a shadowy patch of waste ground close beside the café. Where he actually died, I don't suppose we shall ever know, but"—tugging at the lobe of his left ear—"it's the most extraordinary trick I have ever met with, even in my dealings with . . ."

He paused, and Rima finished the sentence:

"Dr. Fu Manchu."

There came an interval. The shutters of the window which overlooked the garden were closed. Muted voices, laughter, and a sound of many footsteps upon sanded paths rose to us dimly. But that group in the room was silent, until:

"Only *he* could devise such a thing," said the chief, slowly, "and only you and

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The Tenth Year

Since his victorious march on Rome in 1922, Mussolini has been a storm center of conflicting opinions. Now, in the tenth year of triumphant Fascism, opinions are as violently opposed as ever, but time has made it possible to judge the dictator and his régime by their results. Here Mr. Ybarra weighs the question: Mussolini—plus or minus?

By T. R. Ybarra

Benito Mussolini has for a decade headed the most autocratic government in western Europe

WE JUST say "1932," and let it go at that, but the Italian Fascisti—the adherents of Benito Mussolini, Lord Paramount of Fascism and Super-Czar of Italy—whenever they write or talk about the twelvemonth now under way, proudly add "Anno X"—the Tenth Year. For, in a few months from now, we shall reach the tenth anniversary of Mussolini's renowned march on Rome in the autumn of 1922.

Within a few months, if Mussolini and Fascism are still supreme in Italy—and the edifice of their supremacy shows scarcely a crack—every Italian city and town and village will be smothered in Fascist banners and emblems. Fascist brass bands will blare forth Fascist melodies; Fascists young and old, big and little, will parade and banquet and cheer and speechify in honor of that greatest day in Fascist history when "Il Duce," at the head of his black-shirted followers, took over the government of Italy and inaugurated what has turned out to be the most discussed, conspicuous and autocratic régime in the whole of western Europe.

From now till next autumn writers in many lands will comment solemnly or gayly, in friendly spirit or bitter animosity, on Mussolini and Fascism. They will seek to strike a balance of the first decade of Fascist power in Italy. They will try to estimate whether its scowling chieftain has gained or lost ground. In joining the company of these Knights of the Typewriter, I am uncomfortably reminded of what a fellow scribe told me shortly after the close of the World War, apropos of another burning European issue—the Irish question—then in its most distressful stage.

"I don't like to write about the Irish question," he said. "It is the only question in which people on both sides—*both* sides, mind you!—become filled with an overwhelming desire, *no matter what you write,* to take the next train to wherever you may happen to be, in order to beat you up!"

It is much the same with Mussolini and Fascism.

So enormous is the favor in which they are held by friends, so profound the hatred felt for them by foes, that it is practically impossible for any writer, laying claim to anything resembling fair-mindedness, to satisfy either party. Nothing short of deification of Mussolini and Mussolinism will suffice for pro-Fascisti in Italy and elsewhere; nothing short of damnation for him and all his works will win the approval of anti-Fascisti at home and abroad. Anyone seeking to steer a middle course is doomed from the start to please neither camp.

But—no matter! I herewith set down, as my carefully considered opinion, that there is no good reason either for deifying or damning Mussolini and Mussolinism.

Nine years ago, during "Anno I," the First Year of Fascism, when Mussolini was first getting his grip on Italy, foreigners would emerge from Italian territory and, to eager questions regarding the situation there, would solemnly reply: "Italian trains run on time!"

A Nation on Schedule

That statement—sensational, in view of pre-Mussolini Italian history—remains true in "Anno X." Italian trains still run on time. What is more, they *do* run. Formerly they used to amble pleasantly over the countryside, constantly giving way to a craving for stopping at way-stations—the less important, the better. Now they shoot along, often at a speed of more than forty miles an hour, ignoring stations which, but a short ten years back, would have monopolized their attention for at least a quarter of an hour.

Moreover, Italian cities are cleaner than ever before. And life in Italy—on the surface, anyhow—is smooth and pleasant. Beggars have vanished from Italian streets. Malefactors of all sorts have been driven to cover. An American resident of Rome, comparing pre-Mussolini Italy with the Italy of Fascism's Tenth Year, remarked to me:

"Do you know, it is a great source of satisfaction to be able to leave my place of business at night and walk to my home, through one of the poorest quarters of this city, without the slightest fear of being molested. Really, I do not believe that you fully appreciate what this means to me. I come from Chicago."

An Italian waxed eloquent when I asked him: "What, to your mind, is the greatest change which has come over Italy since Mussolini took hold?"

"The most striking change has been in the spirit of the Italians," he said. "We used to be ashamed of being Italians. When asked our nationality, we used to admit it with an apologetic air. We were suffering from an acute inferiority complex. We were ashamed of goods manufactured in our country; we felt instinctively that foreigners believed these goods inferior to those made abroad, and we were only too willing to agree with them. And when we emigrated to foreign countries we were prone to change our names, lest people in those countries should look down on us because we were Italian.

"Now, however, a new spirit has come over Italians. We consider ourselves as good as anybody. Things made in Italy no longer seem badly made. Our inferiority complex has vanished. And, when we resolve to emigrate—which we do far less often than formerly—there is no craving in us to change our names in such a way as to conceal their Italian origin. Not at all! We *want* people to know that we are Italians!"

The New Italian Spirit

From pro-Fascist Italians one constantly hears contempt for the parliamentary government of Italy in the pre-Mussolini days. As these Italians see it, those days are dead beyond resurrection. Memories of the interminable debates which used to be characteristic of the old Italian Parliament move them now to scornful laughter. Thoughts of the era of many Italian political parties, which preceded the present era of one dominant, unopposed Fascist party, seem to them a nightmare of chaos and unreality.

The prevalence of soldiers, Fascist militia and policemen in present-day Italy recently forced one of the leading anti-Fascists, Count Sforza, formerly Italian foreign minister and now an exile from his native land, to some ex-

(Continued on page 50)

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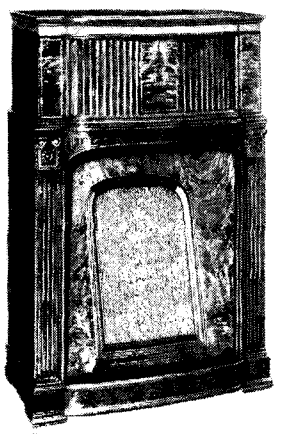

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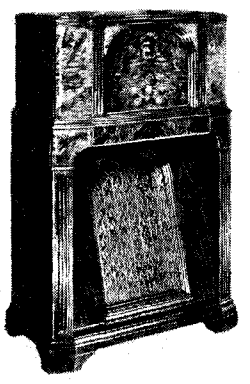
15 DX—$250 Inclined Sounding Board, Echo-Absorbing Screen, Twin Speakers, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, 11 Tubes, 6 Pentodes, Automatic VolumeControl, ToneControl, Illuminated Grille, etc. Butt Walnut, Myrtle Burl, Tambour Sliding Doors, all Walnut Sills. This luxurious radio is not excelled anywhere at any price.

23 X

23X RADIO-PHONOGRAPH—$195. Twin Speakers, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, 9 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, etc. All-electric phonograph playing long or short records. Automatic Stop. Crotch Walnut Doors. Curved Butt Walnut Panels. Radio-phonograph with Automatic Record Changer $295.

Ask your radio dealer for the Philco Book of Facts giving full details on all models.

91X—$100. Inclined Sounding Board, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, Twin Speakers, Echo-Absorbing Screen, 9 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, etc. 8-Tube receiver for Direct Current, in similar cabinet with Inclined Sounding Board $100.

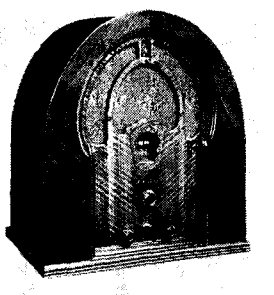


91 X

71D—$79.95. *With Doors*, 7 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, Twin Speakers, Automatic Volume Control, etc. With 9 Tubes, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, etc. $99.50. With 8 Tubes for Direct Current $89.50. With 7 Tubes for battery operation, space for all batteries provided in cabinet $85.

71 D

BABY GRAND—$46.50—No. 71B. 7 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, Electro Dynamic Speaker. No. 91B, 9 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, Automatic Volume Control, etc. $68.50. 7-Tube, Battery operated $59.50. 8-Tube Direct Current with marvelous tone due to new Pentode output $59.50. No. 52B Alternating Current, 5-Tube, Pentode Output, Electro Dynamic Speaker, Illuminated Dial, etc. $36.50.

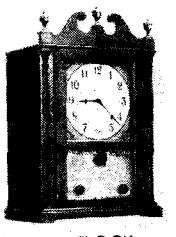


BABY GRAND

PHILCO

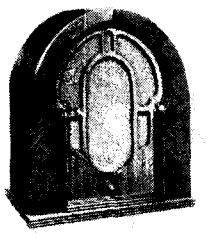
A musical instrument of quality

COLONIAL CLOCK—$60. Reproduction of Eli Terry Clock, with 5-Tube Balanced Superheterodyne, Pentode Tube, Electro Dynamic Speaker. All-electric synchronous motor clock, keeping perfect time. Genuine Mahogany.



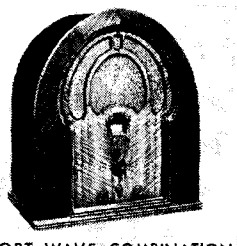
COLONIAL CLOCK

EXTENSION SPEAKER—$15 For those wishing to extend radio reception to more than one room from a single receiver. Moving-coil speaker with clear tone and abundant volume. Several may be attached to a single receiver.



EXTENSION SPEAKER

SHORT WAVE COMBINATION—$59.50. 8 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, Electro Dynamic Speaker. Also, Highboy with six legs and Twin Speakers $79.50. Inclined Sounding Board model with Twin Speakers $100.



SHORT WAVE COMBINATION

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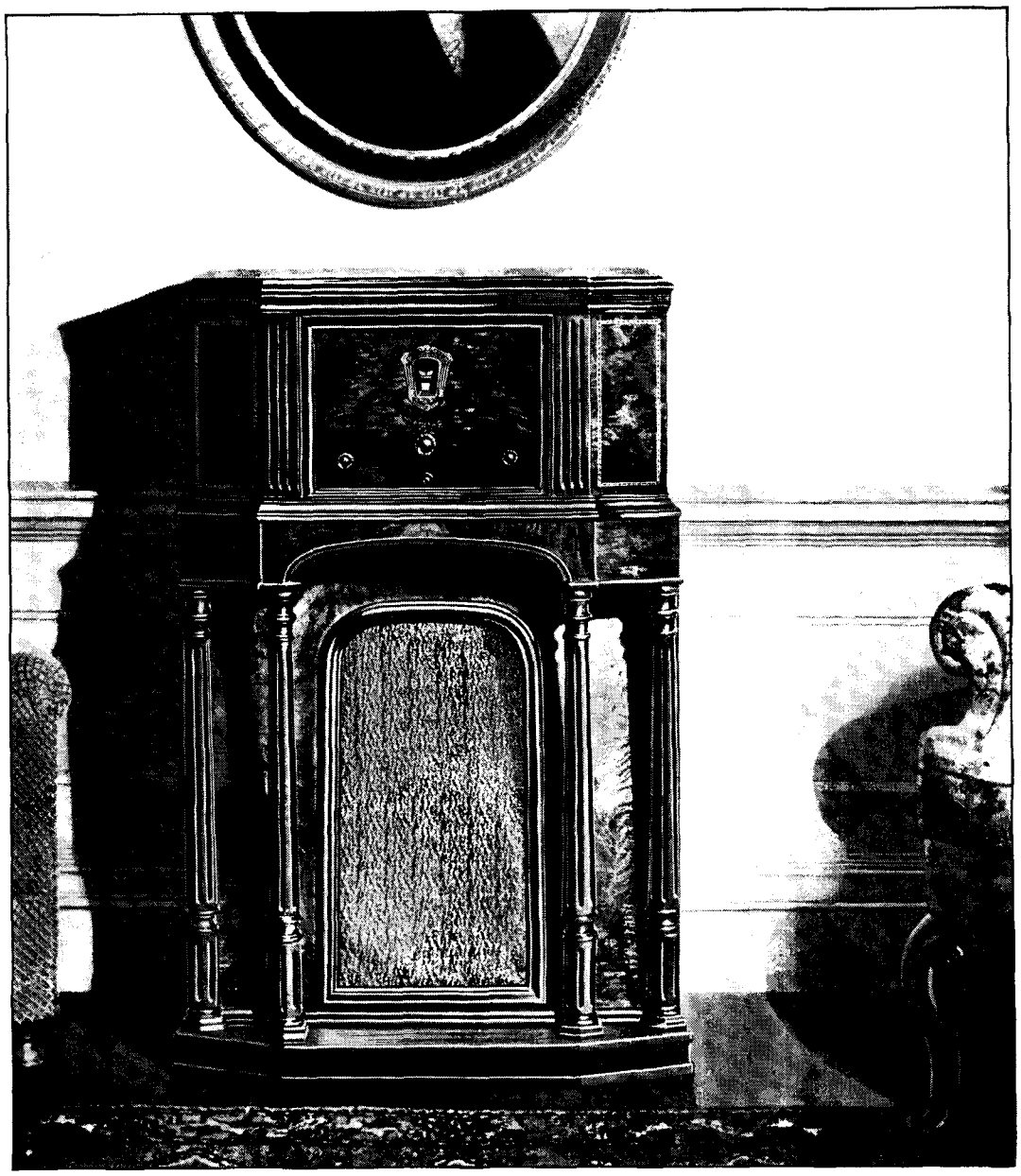


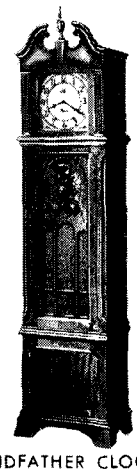
15X—$150. Twin Electro Dynamic Speakers, Shadow Tuning, eleven PHILCO HIGH EFFICIENCY TUBES including six Pentodes, Tone Control, Automatic Volume Control, Tuning Silencer, Distance Switch, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, Illuminated Grille, and every other worthwhile improvement in radio.

1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large area of sounding board insures full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo-Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone. Patented.

RADIO CLOCK—(not illustrated) which automatically turns your radio on and off, a perfect electric timepiece, genuine Mahogany cabinet $15.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK—$89.50. 7 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, Electro Dynamic Speaker. All-electric synchronous motor, perfect timepiece.

91L—$89.50. Twin Speakers, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, 9 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, Curved Walnut Panels, etc.



GRANDFATHER CLOCK

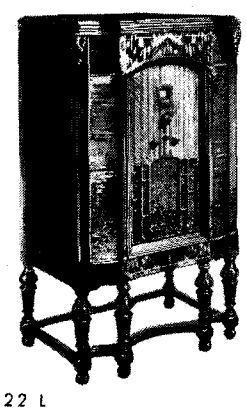
You will find in PHILCO every worthwhile improvement-

- - many of them exclusive - -

Here are just a few of them

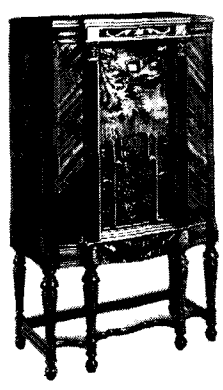
- Every PHILCO a Balanced Superheterodyne
- Twin Electro Dynamic Speakers
- Shadow Tuning
- Tuning Silencer
- Automatic Volume Control
- Pentode Tubes (6 in 11-Tube sets)
- Tone Control
- Push-pull Circuit
- Distance Switch
- Illuminated Station Recording Dial with glowing arrow indicator
- Neat, small, no-glare dial, calibrated to station channel numbers
- Inclined Sounding Board
- Echo-Absorbing Screen
- Illuminated Grille
- Cabinets of world's finest and most expensive furniture woods
- *Every* Cabinet hand-rubbed

The NEW PHILCO HIGH EFFICIENCY TUBES are more compact, more efficient, and consume less current than any AC tubes ever before used. Every PHILCO is equipped with tubes specifically designed by PHILCO, to fit circuits designed by PHILCO, resulting in a harmony of operation not otherwise possible.



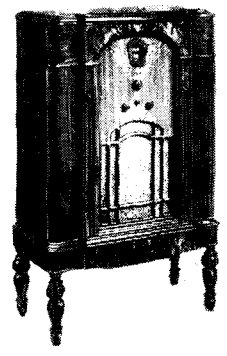
22 L

22L—RADIO-PHONOGRAPH—$129.50. Automatic Volume Control, Twin Speakers, etc. All-electric phonograph playing long or short records. Automatic Stop.



71 H

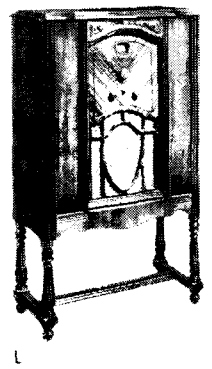
71H—$69.50. Twin Electro Dynamic Speakers, Automatic Volume Control, 7 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Tone Control, etc. Sliced Black Walnut, Oriental Wood, figured Butt Walnut and Rosewood Inlay. With 8 Tubes for Direct Current $79.50.



91 L

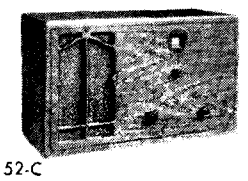
LAZYBOY

LAZYBOY—$69.50. A distinctive radio in end table cabinet of American Walnut and Oriental Wood. 7 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, etc. Controlled by one double knob at top. Tune from your chair without getting up.



71 L

71L—$59.50. 7 Tubes, Balanced Superheterodyne, 3 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, Electro Dynamic Speaker. 7-Tube Battery Operated $69.50.



52-C COMPACT

52C—COMPACT—$39.50. 5-Tube Superheterodyne, Pentode Tube, Electro Dynamic Speaker, Black Walnut Cabinet, satinwood inlay, hand-rubbed.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

Philco Transitone Radio for motor cars and boats $49.95 including tubes. Complete installation for cars equipped with aerial averages less than $20.

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Take Your Medicine

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

Illustrated by James and Charlotte Billmyer

There's a lot in a point of view. Fear of sickness can make even a well man develop symptoms, and what it can do to a sick person is just too sad. But try expecting the best instead of the worst. It's a great tonic

A YOUNG gentleman who was old enough to know better—all of six years, to be exact—was making a most unconscionable row because I was about to do something just mildly unpleasant to him.

"Now look here, Jackie," I said. "You and I are friends, and you know I have always told you the truth. This *really* doesn't hurt. No child has ever said it does."

"That's all right about the other children," moaned Jackie. "But just *everything* hurts me."

His remark so perfectly fitted the attitude of a great many people, old and young, that I had to make him a part of the present story. I warn you it is going to be a Pollyanna story. If you are not the sort who can smile when something is gnawing at your vitals, you'd better put it down right now.

The family physician understands that a part of his job is to supply the elements of a workable point of view about illness to his patients.

The younger the patient is when you start working on his point of view, the easier it is to make headway, even though you must, as a rule, fight against the constantly subversive attitude of the parents.

In children there is normally no fear of disease, and no apprehension about sickness. Naturally, they don't like pain, and they are afraid of being hurt. But that fear of being hurt may be just average normal, or it may have all the elements of adult apprehension.

In some little children apprehension has been created by unavoidable unpleasant experiences in early youth, such as painful accidents, or operations which have meant a series of painful dressings. But even in these children a great deal can be done to correct the attitude. When they are old enough, you can use the argument which we are about to use now—that fear is harmful, that it increases the severity of pain, predisposes to infection and retards recovery. I don't care how hard that statement would be to prove scientifically. I don't believe there are many doctors who wouldn't endorse it.

The summer of 1931, when we had a mild epidemic of infantile paralysis, widespread enough for everyone to know about it, was a test of the sporting spirit of all parents of young children. Also, it showed what panic can do. I think we stood up pretty well under it. I know of only one case where a child was deliberately told about the disease and made to fear it. And there was much less migration to outlying districts than there was in the bad epidemic of 1916. The panic, fortunately, did not affect the children. But the number of adults who developed stiff neck, and any other symptom that was widely advertised, was appalling.

The grown person who has the attitude of our young friend Jackie is pretty hopeless to cope with. Everything is going to hurt, and everything *does* hurt. Of course. Anyone can devote a whole afternoon to a cut finger if he wants to suffer.

Doctors Aren't Immune

What line of talk can we give the health pessimists? They are not pessimists about all things, or they would be hopeless. We can laugh a little at their major fears, but the general attitude has to be reasoned out of them. One of my chief arguments is, why does the doctor catch so few of the infections he treats? Because he never expects to. It isn't only that he washes his hands, and wears a white coat and paints his throat occasionally, but he just never thinks about catching things. A doctor with fear in his equipment is much better off mowing lawns or working on the railroad. Another argument is that most of us, singly, can only have one of the most serious afflictions and, when such afflictions come, we can make the best of them.

It is a curious fact that there are more health pessimists among the well-to-do than among the poor and among those who work hard for a good living. You need time and money and an otherwise care-free mind to worry about what is going to happen to your health next. The wage-earner has a certain amount of indefinite dread of illness at the back of his mind because he knows illness is expensive and disabling. But it never occurs to him to read medical treatises in order that he may think up some interesting disease which may hit him. I sometimes think people turn to the possibility of disease as a refuge from boredom. At first the idea is a fascinating one, but suddenly they are hoist by their own petard. The idea becomes an obsession and they really feel sick. Living becomes an expensive affair. They go the round of the specialists and sanitariums, trying to find someone who will give them a positive and dire diagnosis. Often an unnecessary operation will effect a cure. Any operation is painful enough to jolt one out of imaginary ills.

When the health pessimist is really taken with a serious disease, one of two things happens: He may find his condition a real relief. It gives him something concrete to fuss over. Or he may find a new source of misery in the complications which he is sure will arise. Then, in order to preserve the happiness and sanity of the family as well as his own, we have to combine sympathy with brutality. We must say, "There are certain things you cannot do, and certain things you will suffer from doing; but, after all, you must live until you die. We will do the best we can to make you comfortable, and to let you lead an amusing life. You must do the rest. You must be a good sport. Try to look a little better than you feel, try to act a lot better than you feel; talk to nobody about your symptoms or your fears except to your doctor or to someone who can definitely help you." We put this line of conduct on an altruistic basis. The patient is urged to act this way for the sake of his family. But the advantages he derives from it himself are incalculable.

Health optimists, fortunately, greatly outnumber the pessimists. But they are of two kinds, the pleasant ones and the obnoxious ones. The obnoxious ones are optimistic because they have always had good health. They are betting on a sure thing. They consider their God-given health a personal asset, something which is due to their superior management of their lives. They are impatient and intolerant of the ills of others, and bore you almost as much in talking about their health as the pessimists do in talking about their ills. To this class belong the gentlemen who break the ice in midwinter in order to take their morning plunge.

It's All in a Lifetime

The pleasant optimists are what I like to think of as the normal. They put disease in its place in the world. They think about it only enough to try to keep well. If illness comes, they take it in their stride. It's just too bad, but the less said about it the better. Such people submit to unpleasant and painful things which must be done without undue fuss and without fear. If they know they must have an operation, they go to the operating room and take the anesthetic. They choose a doctor they can trust, and don't worry for fear he won't sterilize his instruments. When their children are hurt or ill, they see that that is done which should be done, but there is no fussing, no open worry, no undue babying, and a general atmosphere of hopefulness and cheer. These are the people who really want to know it if something serious is the matter with them. They take the bad news on the chin, find out how they must live and then obey the rules. Generally they get along better than the doctor hoped for in his wildest dreams.

Symptoms Are Catching

But even the best of us in the optimism line are susceptible to suggestion. Catch us feeling low, and tell us the symptoms of someone who has just passed away from an illness similar to the one we have, and we can soon have ourselves feeling moribund. When the retailing of morbid details by healthy people to the partially ill is forbidden by law, we will have fewer ailments caused by suggestion.

People often say to me, "How can you see so much sickness and listen to everybody's troubles and keep cheerful?"

The answer is that we must get a point of view, and most of us do. Our chief trouble is to keep our patients from feeling that we are odiously unsympathetic and optimistic. Now that professional manner is out of style, and most of us haven't beards to stroke while we consider the seriousness of the diagnosis at the bedside, we must supply confidence in our willingness to help and in our ability to help. We never fear the worst; we may think about it, but we expect the best. Our point of view is what we would like to instill in the general public, in regard to disease. Don't cross bridges till you come to them. Of course, it's a good idea to know about the general condition of the bridges, but don't expect them to be broken down.

Each person can have only his quota of illnesses. Like poverty, disease when you look at it *en masse* is unpleasant. But only some of it can come to each one of us, and what we get as our share of it may not be so bad after all. Above all, when something hits us, let's concentrate on getting well, not on enjoying to the full what's the matter with us. Take your medicine, and then give it a chance to work.

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Effortless..

any road or no road!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT FLOATING POWER DOES TO A SIX?—OR AN EIGHT?

DODGE is not in the habit of making idle claims. That adds weight to this challenge!

Drive a Dodge Six or Eight with Patented *Floating Power*. Try it at 8 . . . try it at 80. Take a sharp turn at 50. Challenge the world at a traffic light. Steer with one finger. Flick the gear lever with the back of your hand . . . without touching foot to the clutch. Stop in half the distance you thought you could. Rack your brain for tests . . . more tests. Try to get a murmur of effort, a sign of laboring tremor out of that car.

Then if you can find any other car at the price of the Dodge that can do the things Dodge does—*the way Dodge does them*—buy that other car!

But if you just can't find a value like Dodge, why in the world be without Dodge enjoyment—when a fine new Dodge costs so amazingly little to buy and own?

NEW LOW PRICES

NEW DODGE SIX . . . . . $795 to $895
NEW DODGE EIGHT . . . . . $1115 to $1185

F. O. B. Factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient terms. Five wire or demountable wood wheels, no extra cost. Duplate safety plate glass $9.50 to $17.50. Automatic Clutch standard on Eights; only $8 on Sixes. Closed models wired for Philco-Transitone Radio.

• • •

Tune in on CHRYSLER MOTORS RADIO PROGRAM "Ziegfeld Follies of the Air" personally conducted by Flo Ziegfeld—Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network; every Sunday evening.

DODGE DEPENDABILITY

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Water made this micro

To Prove Waterman's incomparable writing smoothness to those who have *never tried* this world's finest writing instrument, we engaged a laboratory to buy various makes of pens and photograph their points under a powerful microscope. The camera revealed evidence that speaks for itself!

On the tiny surface of a pen point, the smallest flaw makes a writing difference, even when the point is new. With continued use minute flaws, quite naturally, become accentuated and the point more and more unsatisfactory.

The pen point photos (of the under side, or writing surface) on the opposite page show that only the Waterman's point is mirror-smooth, *perfectly* rounded, in *perfect* alignment and with iridium so thick that enduring satisfaction is *certain.*

Any store will gladly let you write with Waterman's before you buy; your fingers will instantly confirm the evidence of the microscope . . . *the incomparable writing smoothness of the Waterman's point!* And furthermore, in a Waterman's you can easily and quickly obtain a pen point to exactly suit your style of handwriting.

•

Only the highest *human* skill, trained in Waterman's traditions and methods, can produce the exquisitely smooth finish of the Waterman's writing point. Edmund Lund (whose photograph is shown at the left) has been fashioning Waterman's pen points for more than 25 years. He recently received $1,000 in gold . . . a practical expression of Waterman's policy of rewards for outstanding skill and service.

•

Pens in the same price class were purchased and photographed for this test. All of these pens had the same type of point (medium), and each was magnified exactly the same number of diameters.

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York · 129 South State Street, Chicago · 40 School Street, Boston 609 Market Street, San Francisco · 263 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada

WATER PENS·· PENCILS

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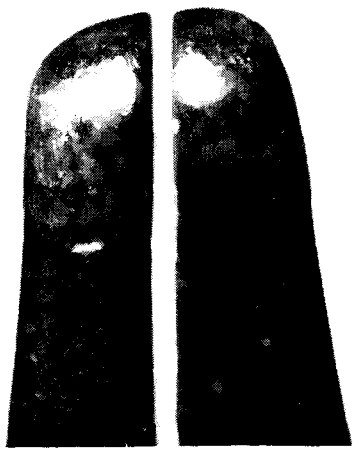
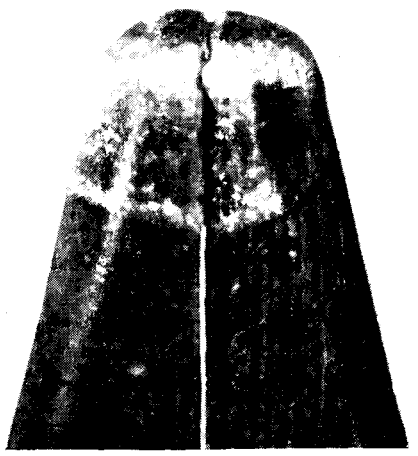
man's scope test for you



Other Make No. 1—*Right-hand point longer and narrower than left. Tips not symmetrically ground. Note sharp inner point on each tip which rasps against the paper.*

Other Make No. 2—*One point is flatter than the other. Tips are not symmetrically ground. The iridium writing surface is rough and pitted—so thin that gold is exposed.*



Other Make No. 3—*Jagged ink channel which causes interrupted ink flow . . . irregularly ground tips . . . flat sides of pen end in ridges on the rough writing surface.*

Waterman's — *Note symmetry of points . . . perfect roundness of each tip . . . mirror-smoothness of writing surface . . . clean-cut ink channel . . . large area of thick iridium.*

Naturally, the world's foremost makers of fountain pens are also the world's foremost makers of fountain pen ink. For perfect writing results, use Waterman's famous smooth-flowing, permanent, blue-black ink. Also in red, violet, blue, green and jet black.

MAN'S ··INKS··

$2.75 to $10.00

Pencils to Match . . . . $1 to $5

When you buy a fountain pen for yourself, or as a gift, remember that if you insist upon a Waterman's . . . regardless of the price you pay . . . you get everything you could possibly want . . . supreme style, beauty and durability . . . *plus* an incomparably smooth writing point *free from imperfections.*

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YOU NEED THIS ALL-IMPORTANT IT

ONLY HEINZ COMBINES IT WITH A CEREAL

This IT is Corrective Cellulose ...Nature's gentle laxative element

NATURE herself could not have done a better job. Here are crisp, delicious flakes with corrective cellulose—Nature's own mild laxative element—incorporated in them! You can't see it. You can't taste it. But it's there and it helps keep you healthy!

This added corrective cellulose gives Heinz Rice Flakes a gentle, *natural* laxative effect. It acts in the same mild way as the corrective cellulose in prunes, apples, lettuce, and other healthful fruits and vegetables! And what is even more amazing—these crisp little flakes contain a much *larger* percentage of corrective cellulose than most of Nature's fruits and vegetables!

Heinz—and *only* Heinz, remember—has made this remarkable food, so that people could get the benefits they need, in a cereal they love to eat. Start today, to see how Heinz Rice Flakes can help *you*. See for yourself how good they are. You'll enjoy them. And when you eat them regularly every day, you'll see how much they'll do for your health!

P. S.—For your children, you couldn't find a better cereal than Heinz Rice Flakes. They'll like them, from the very first spoonful—and they won't tire of them, either. So serve these good little flakes often and let the whole family know this pleasant way to daily good health!

Here's what "IT" is

There is cellulose in all fruits and vegetables. This cellulose is one of the things that make them so healthful for you.

Heinz, after four years of work with scientists of the Mellon Institute, discovered a way to separate pure cereal cellulose and combine it with Heinz Rice Flakes.

This corrective cellulose is extracted from the whole rice grain. It is a soft, fluffy, white powder that is tasteless. It becomes part of the crisp, golden flakes and you never know it is there.

This corrective cellulose increases in bulk and absorbs several times its weight of moisture after eating. It forms one of the gentlest, mildest types of bulk. It gives Heinz Rice Flakes a safe, mildly laxative action that helps you keep healthy and well.

And only *Heinz* Rice Flakes have this added corrective cellulose.

© 1932 H. J. H. CO.

HEINZ RICE FLAKES

"One of the 57 Varieties"

FREE! 2 generous trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
Dept. C528, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me two trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for six generous servings—free of charge.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

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Dressing Up the Big Show

Continued from page 9

used in his individual performance. But if his contract reads "generally useful," then the circus is responsible for that generally useful wardrobe. Perhaps this requires more explanation.

There are certain acts which belong distinctly to the show and not to the performers. A circus is like nothing else in the amusement field; even vaudeville, where the bill is made up of performers converged for that one bill, cannot compare to it. For while a circus may be composed of many parts, it also is composed of a whole, in which all but stellar actors take part. These include the grand entry and the garland entry, in which some sixty horsemen participate, the ménage acts or high-school horses and various clown ensembles, to say nothing of the perennial statue acts.

Sprucing Up Jenny

It is the costuming of these show acts for which I am responsible. The costumes are owned by the show. My task is to design and make and keep them bright and fresh all season, in spite of the exigencies of the road. Otherwise the average circus performer owns and cares for his ring clothing.

"Pink tonight," says the head of an aërial act to the various members of his troupe. In their trunks are a dozen or more packages, wrapped in muslin, each no larger than a double handful, and each labeled by its color. Only that one descriptive word is necessary; out comes the package marked "pink," and the muslin is unpinned, to reveal tights, spangled tunic, girdle and pumps.

The good performer wears such a costume only once. Then the spangles are taken off and the silks gently laundered, the tapes pressed or renewed on the silken pumps and the spangles sewn on again, before the outfit is carefully wrapped in its muslin container, to await its turn in the ring a week hence.

My costuming experience has convinced me that animals have egotism, perhaps more than humans. They seem to know that costuming lifts them out of the general run, that they take on more of personality and interest when they are arrayed for the ring.

There's Jenny, for instance, one of our monkeys. I never make her a new costume that the whole wardrobe room does not take part in the festivities.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I will exclaim, when we have outfitted Jenny with a new Spanish hat, a ruffled satin skirt and a bolero. Whereupon Jenny will beam and grin and spread her arms and turn herself around to admire the new outfit. Following that, we take her to the mirror. Once, in a rush of work, we forgot all about her for nearly an hour. Remembering, I looked up—to find Jenny still in front of that mirror, as proud as a débutante.

The wardrobe season begins when the circus season ends. It is then that new costumes are made or old ones reconditioned for the entire show population.

When everybody has left the show, when performers are scattered, when doormen and ushers and ticket men and drivers have become everything from policemen to floorwalkers, then my job begins—of costuming nearly a thousand persons, sight unseen. Thirty women help me with the actual sewing. No one can help me with the worries.

In the first place, there are no patterns for a circus costume. And there are no sketch artists, such as those who work for musical shows. The executive staff tells me that there will be a Chinese section in the tournament, a Mexican section, a green float, a white float, a Princess Charming float and a few others. That's comparatively easy; one can buy mandarin coats and great Chinese banners, incrusted with the golden embroidery of a symbolism meant for anything but a circus; and the costumes of Mexico are to a certain degree stereotyped. But about that time there comes the command:

"Let's have something new this year for those girls who ride the elephants. And some kind of novel costuming for the couriers of the various floats."

Thus the creation of "something new" begins, without a true idea of what it is going to be, and sometimes I do not know who will use the costumes until we actually are on the ground for the opening of the season, with the first performance only two days away. Then, with a corps of women, I fill in the off-hours of frenzied days and nights at the beginning of the season by making such alterations as are necessary. Incidentally, this is mingled with the buying of four hundred pairs of tights and an equal number of pairs of shoes; there can be no mind-reading about the sizes of tights and footgear.

Nevertheless, there is a certain thrill about the beginning of the costume season. The circus, as such, is laid away. The show-lots of the previous summer are sere, sometimes snow-covered. But for the wardrobe woman the whole summer lives again. The history of a show is written in its clothing.

The reason lies in the names. Once a circus costume goes to its wearer, it becomes that wearer's personality. The name is printed under the sweat band of the hat and tagged upon the dress or the uniform. And as the garments come from the hampers for remodeling, or to be permanently laid away—nothing is ever destroyed in a circus costume department—the happenings of the season come with them.

Thus a name in a hat may be prosaic, or it may evoke the range of emotions. By those names we remember when certain people came or left the show, when there were deaths or marriages or births. They bring back sunny days and grassy lots, remembered through some occurrence in connection with a name. Equally, they bring sad memories—out of sixteen hundred persons, working at risky jobs, there must be accidents and sometimes fatalities. The name of a man scratched out, with another name beneath it, may mean simply that someone decided to go to another job—or it may mean that a performer or workman has died, while someone else took his place and the show went on.

Five-Ton Models

Elephant dressmaking is a particular job. After the measurements have been taken, at the shoulders, the ridge of the back, the hips, the rump and over the tail, the bulge of the stomach and the slope of the neck, I start to make the lining of the blanket as the first part of the job.

And whether it is an elephant's blanket or a ballet girl's dress of ostrich feathers, every costume in the show is not only lined, but faced and finished on the inside with the same care as though this were a costume to be worn on the street. It is all a part of the job of conservation—a finished garment wears better than an unfinished one.

The real fitting of a blanket is in that lining. Up and down a stepladder I climb, while attendants hold the elephant in position, and I shout through a mouthful of pins to straighten this leg or that. An elephant is exactly like a slumpy child. Once you think you have him fitted, he immediately caves on one side, with a loose stance which proves to be his natural way of standing. Then the whole job must be done over again. Unless a blanket hangs smoothly and evenly, no matter in what position the animal may slouch, that blanket is not a good job of menagerie dressmaking.

Lavish Economy

Some five years ago, one of our elephants, Little Eva, then not much more than a baby, was trained to pull one of the floats in the grand entry. For this I made her a blanket and the inevitable crown of ostrich feathers. We put the crown in place. Eva chirruped, and began to wag her head.

"Take it off," I commanded. "It hurts her."

I made a careful examination, but could find no place at which the crown might bind. We put it back on her head again. Instantly she resumed that weaving. We tried it again and again, always with the same result. Finally I gave it my sanction.

"That doesn't hurt her," I said. "She's just showing off."

That was five years ago. Little Eva is still showing off—it now has become one of the features of the grand entry. The incessant wagging of that big head, for Little Eva is quite a girl now, often causes applause. Many persons believe the elephant was trained to the trick—she never halts; her head swings like an extra-active clock pendulum. The only trainer she had for that stunt was a crown of ostrich plumes.

In a circus, one thing is necessary above all else—to give an impression of gorgeousness. If it could be done with cheap materials, a circus might be tempted, for, after all, it is a business institution. But cheapness would make a flash today and a flash in the pan tomorrow.

In the grand entry of our circus, for instance, there is an equestrian number which lasts less than five minutes. Sixty horses and riders are used, weaving their way through garland-hoops, entwined with artificial roses, at last to gallop from the arena. The men's coats are of mohair, the riding trousers of white moleskin, the horse blankets and hoods are of figured moleskin with white patent-leather trimmings; each is fitted to its horse, otherwise the blankets would wrinkle, and the hoods will fall so that they cover the eyes of the horses. And upon the coats of the men and the blankets of the horses are $15,000 worth of gold braid and hand-punched rhinestones.

Then there's the band, which is so far from most of the audience that it is little more than a blur. The thirty-five band coats are braided with gold and incrusted with more than 100,000 rhinestones, just as every suit of a boss, superintendent and special attendant is crusted with gold. Gold and silver braid form the backbone of the circus costume; I buy it by the thousand yards. A dress of imitation pearls, composed of strand after strand, until the total is well above ten thousand, is not at all unusual. And there are dozens of hats of the same material.

A show works in a hurry. At night a van hurries across country from a town ahead, picks up a load of costumes and hurries away again. Then I must wait and worry with the knowledge that those costumes are out of my hands until that van returns to the next show-lot, after an all-night session with extra help to make our costumes bright and fresh again. But the real secret of cleanness lies in the fact that a show's wardrobe is never really unpacked.

The only time that a costume is enduring wear is while it is actually in the arena. It is unpacked in time for the matinée performance and packed again immediately afterward. Then at night it is taken out of the hamper, to be restored to its resting place immediately the performer finishes with it. A circus is an outdoor proposition, with one eye constantly on the weather. The men who tighten the guy ropes in the evening under the direction of the boss canvasmen are not the only ones who are playing safe against wind or rain. The costume department is just as busy; a bad blow, slitting the canvas and allowing rain to sweep in upon costly wardrobes, might be disastrous if that tent were filled with loose costumes. So every one goes into its trunk or hamper the instant its usefulness for the performance is done; no costumes are ever lost around a circus, and none are damaged by carelessness.

In this connection, the queerest thing of all is that in all my years as a wardrobe woman my show has never suffered a loss through storm, not even to a dress.

Exactly how a big show escapes storm loss, however, is more than I can say. Everybody is a bit too busy, perhaps, to be a good witness. There is at least one big storm during every tented season, as well as many lesser ones. Usually the bad ones come out West, with sheets of water running over the ground and through the dressing tents, while workmen hurry in with duckboards on which to walk, while I slosh around in rubber boots and while often the performers are carried by workmen under ponchos or umbrellas to the back door, that they may enter the big top unsoiled. But the worst one of all broke the rule. It was in Boston, before the erection of the building in which the show now exhibits.

Red Harness and Nature

The downpour came during the night show, a cloudburst. I waded in depths of water which actually ran over the tops of my boots. With workmen and performers alike laboring, the costume hampers and performers' trunks were first put on boards. The water crept higher. So we up-ended buckets and placed the containers on them. Still the water rose; the dressing tent was in a depression which soon became a small lake.

Finally the flood crept dangerously near the bottom of the trunks and hampers again; we finally lifted them on tables, and with the performers dressing and undressing on top of adjoining trunks, or on the tables themselves, we went through the show. The workmen who carried the actors to the main tent, actually waded hip-deep. Loading out was accomplished in a swirl of mire and water. Yet not a costume was ruined, not one was really wet, except minor splashings of rain encountered on the way to the big top.

Of course, one thing which aided was the individual care of the performers. The circus is a big family, with family pride. Actors may seem to leap into and out of their ring clothing, but they do it with an eye to the safety of the garments, instead of to their speed.

There is one wardrobe, however, about which I never worry. When it comes to the zebras, I simply designate red harnesses and let it go at that. The costumer doesn't live who can improve on a zebra's stripes.

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Garner on Parade

Continued from page 12

Then, suddenly, along came a terrific explosion. It was the sales-tax feature of the revenue bill that created it, and so remarkable was the celerity with which the opponents of that kind of a levy not only overrode their own party leaders but also toppled Cactus Jack temporarily from his throne that the entire country was stunned.

What had become of the vaunted Garner leadership? Where was his prestige? Could he ever regain such control of the House as he had held throughout January and February, and why hadn't he taken the floor in an effort to whip his stampeding party members into line?

"It wouldn't have done any good," said the Speaker bluntly, "for me to have taken the floor in an endeavor to induce the Democrats in the House to vote in favor of the sales tax. The majority of them do not approve of that kind of a levy and that settles it. Nor," he went on, "is it correct to say that insurgency among the Democrats had anything to do with the action of the House on the sales-tax feature of the Revenue Bill. The Revenue Bill is a bipartisan measure, brought to the floor under the most liberal rules designed to allow members to express their individual views and offer such amendments as they deem advisable, and therefore the mere fact that the majority of the Democrats do not agree with me in regard to one feature of it cannot be construed to indicate that my prestige, if I have any, has been materially diminished, or that I have suffered any loss of control."

Apparently he was right: his prestige was not dimmed and his leadership was not lessened, because, just two days after he had made the above statement, when Cactus Jack took the floor to plead with his colleagues to carry out the pledge he had made in their names—to balance the budget—he was so effective that in just three legislative sessions—and with the very men who had led the previous revolt working solidly with him—the job was practically finished.

Not a great many members of Congress are of the opinion that Garner will receive the Democratic nomination, but practically all will admit that he has a chance.

Politicians, no matter of what stripe, who have known him for many years say that if Cactus Jack lands in the White House there'll be plenty of action, with issues being quickly decided. This will be so, as the boys in the Press gallery will tell you, because Mr. Garner is not addicted to the political habit of making misleading statements. For that reason the Press looks upon him as different and likes him accordingly.

Platform Planks

Mr. Garner has been bombarded from all parts of the nation with inquiries as to his attitude on prohibition. To this universal question his one answer has been:

"My position on prohibition is of no present importance to anybody and I am not going to discuss it. My record speaks for itself. I voted against the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, and right now the matters which I have to attend to which are before Congress are of too much importance for me to jeopardize my position. And I certainly might jeopardize it if I started making statements about anything as controversial as liquor."

What Mr. Garner means is that, holding control of the House by such a scanty margin and knowing the dispositions of the rabid wets and the fanatical drys as he does, he has been certain that any announcement about his stand on the liquor question would instantly result in the formation of a bloc, one way or the other, against him. Thus, from the very beginning his usefulness as Speaker would have been destroyed.

In relation to the reorganization of the executive departments of the Federal government he was very frank. "I favor complete reorganization," he said, "because it is my belief that fully twenty-five per cent of the divisions, commissions, boards and bureaus could be abolished with profit to the people. I am convinced that there is much duplication and useless activity, all of which add to the burden of expense."

On the tariff his views are as follows: "I believe," stated Mr. Garner, "in modified and equalized protection. The Hawley-Smoot bill is all wrong. The majority of its rates are excessive; they add enormously to the burden of the living costs of the American people, and when the President signed it, which he did apologetically, he never committed a greater error, or helped to commit the country to a more ruinous policy. It is a policy of discrimination between sections and industries, whereas my theory is that every section and every industry, including agriculture, should receive equally the benefits which can be made to accrue from a scientifically applied protective tariff."

Referring to armaments, Mr. Garner said: "I believe in an adequate national defense program and nothing more. Naval reduction will and must come. It's inevitable. The people, not only of this country but of all other countries as well, are not going to keep on indefinitely sending so much of their money out to the sea in ships. But before a substantial reduction does come, we will have to work to bring about an international economic peace."

As to his candidacy and his hold on the Texas delegation to the Democratic convention, which was the last question this writer put to him, Cactus Jack was quite emphatic:

"I have never made an effort," he said, "to tie up either the Texas delegation, or any other delegation. In short, I have never had any connection of any kind with any movement inaugurated in my behalf which is intended to bring about my nomination for the Presidency. I am a candidate only for Representative from the Fifteenth Congressional District of Texas and am hopeful of securing that nomination without opposition."

If the surest road to the door of the White House really is from the door of the log cabin, then John Garner, who was born in one in Red River County, Texas, on November 22, 1868, immediately qualifies. His primary education also was received according to popular requirements. He got it, up to the fourth grade, by walking six miles a day to a crossroads schoolhouse. Josh Billings was traveling the nation as a lecturer at about the same time that John Garner was graduating from the fourth grade. One of his favorite sayings was that any white man who would own a mule, and could drive one, ought to be forced to run for Congress. Little John, therefore, immediately got one. He bought it as a colt with seven dollars he had made picking cotton, and three years later, having sold the mule, and also having saved all the money he had made driving it, he found himself with $150, which he immediately invested in further learning, administered to him by a relative named Walpole, who prepared him for the entrance examinations to Vanderbilt University. He studied there for one year. On his return to Texas, he went to Clarksville, county seat of Red River County, read law in a private office for a time, was admitted to the bar when he was barely twenty-one and soon won prominence for himself. Attorney Garner's next move was for his health. Believing he had a weak lung, he moved across the state to Uvalde County, which is the horny and the thorny, or rather the cattle and the cactus, section of Texas and there entered into a law partnership with another young Solon named Tully Fuller.

This partnership prospered from the start and so did John Garner, who within a short time achieved local fame by sending so many horse thieves and cattle rustlers to the pen that Uvalde was able to advertise itself as the first county in the cow country to be rid of such vermin.

Texas Cut Up

In addition to fame, he acquired property in that he owned and edited a weekly newspaper, controlled one bank and held a large block of stock in another. Naturally, with all these things, in addition to a law practice on his hands, he was a very busy young man, but as his lung was now well and he himself full of vigor, he managed to take time away from work to perfect himself in both the outdoor and the indoor sports then in vogue in his section. In other words, as far as the former went he became an adept at roping, riding and shooting, and as for the latter—well, he became so widely known as an expert at poker-hoisting and draw poker that when he announced his candidacy for the office of county judge a charming young lady, Miss Ettie Rheiner, who lived on a large ranch in the neighborhood of Uvalde, immediately proclaimed that he should never be elected: that no young man with such roisterous habits as Jack Garner should ever be allowed to sit on the Bench.

The public didn't agree with her. Cactus Jack won his first public office, and very soon thereafter he met, wooed and won Miss Rheiner. They were married in 1895, and three years later he began his career as a statesman when the people of his county sent him to the Texas legislature. Life among the Texas lawmakers appealed to him greatly. It gave him an opportunity not only to practice all his old talents but to develop others that he knew not of; and therefore, after a second term in Austin, he made up his mind that what he really wanted to do was to go to the national House of Representatives.

An insurmountable obstacle, however—at least it was an obstacle that had, for years, been insurmountable to other aspirants who had cherished the same ambition—stood in the young man's way. The representative who was already in Congress from that district, which was then the fourteenth, was unbeatable and Garner knew it, but as he studied the situation he saw a way to the goal via a slight surgical operation that the others had all overlooked. The district in which he lived, down on the Rio Grande, being about the same size as the state of New York, having cattle ranches in it as large as Rhode Island, could quite easily stand for a little carving which could be made to result, as he figured it, in his having a district all to himself. With that scheme in mind he went to work on the state legislature.

Local Texas history asserts that Cactus Jack turned his trick in one night by staying up all of it, visiting many hotel rooms in Austin, and disturbing the meditations of many of the Lone Star lawmakers who were busily studying comparative values, by insisting that they pledge their support to a redistricting bill which he was preparing to introduce. The story of that one night may be apocryphal; it probably is, but the sequel to it has ever since remained as a perpetual fact. John Garner created the Fifteenth Congressional District of Texas in 1902, and is, himself, the only representative that that district has ever sent to the national House.

Thus he has served, without a break, in every Congress from the Fifty-eighth to the Seventy-second. What John Garner was when he was thirty-five he still is. As a baby congressman he was unassuming, intelligent, quick-witted and industrious. As Speaker he is modest, genial, keenly alert, tremendously well-informed, and before most of the Washington legislators have finished their morning coffee he is at his desk.

As far as Mr. Garner's record of loyalty to his party goes, it is everywhere perfect but it is necessarily too long to be discussed in any detail. Suffice it to say that for his first few years in Congress he was, like all the rest of his party, completely subjugated by the oligarchic control of Uncle Joe Cannon. However, in 1910, after a two years' war, in which Mr. Garner of Texas had allied himself closely with Champ Clark of Missouri and George W. Norris, Progressive Republican of Nebraska, Cannonism was dethroned, the Speaker was stripped of his czarship and the ruling power in the House was given over to the members—where it still reposes.

From the day that that victory was won Congress became increasingly aware of Cactus Jack's presence. With the muzzle off, members of the House could more adequately express themselves, and by so doing Mr. Garner gradually advanced from the obscurity of the minor committees to the limelight of the important ones. Always he had his eyes set on one goal. He was constantly studying the problems of finance and taxation. In his mind equitable taxation is probably the most fundamental basis for a sound government, hence the job he wanted was a place on the powerful Ways and Means Committee, and when at last it came within his reach he was ready to put up a fight for it.

A Matter of Record

Other men with powerful constituencies behind them tried to shoulder the man from the cow country, but he wouldn't be shouldered; and so, after he had been offered the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, with its accompanying afternoon tea parties and resplendent diplomatic dinners, which he refused with a snort, he was admitted to the coveted seat around the table of power.

Mr. Garner's next upward step was to the position of Minority Leader, and here again he astonished all his colleagues, and possibly himself also, by suddenly developing into a master of debate, a past master of repartee, an efficient political general and an expert parliamentarian.

Already the Republicans are basing their claims to be returned to power largely on the record of what they achieved in the Seventy-second Congress. If Cactus Jack should happen to be in the race, one can hear him retort, every time Mr. Hoover makes certain claims: "No, Mr. President, pardon me; *I* did those things, and the records prove it."

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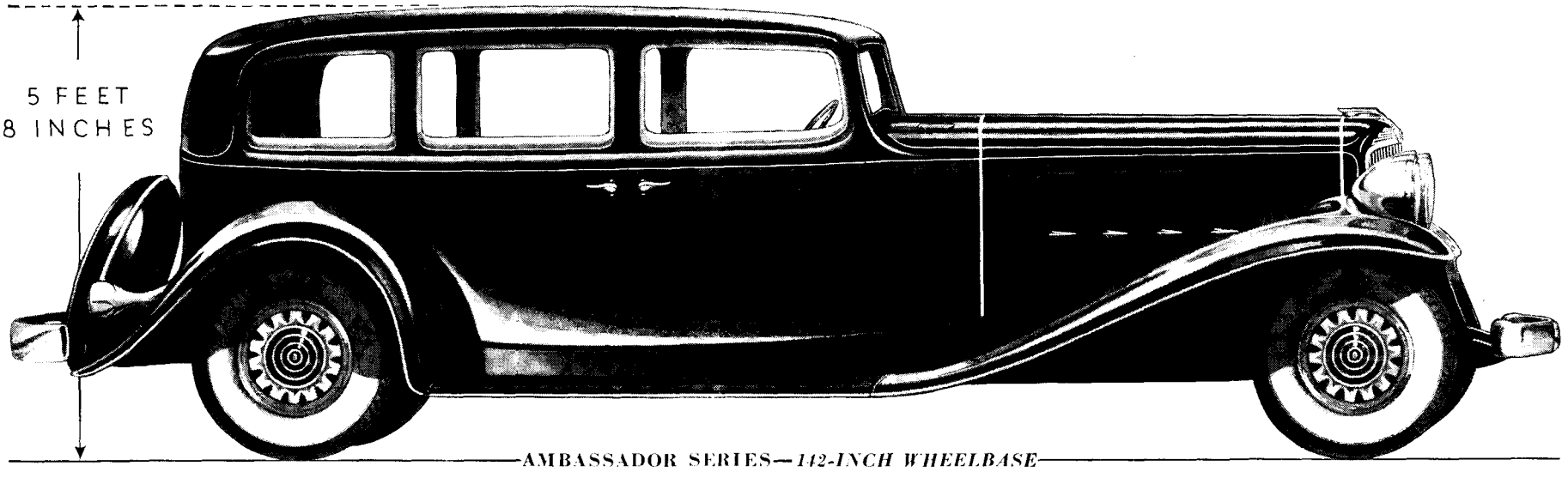
Lower—Longer—Wider

IT HUGS THE ROAD



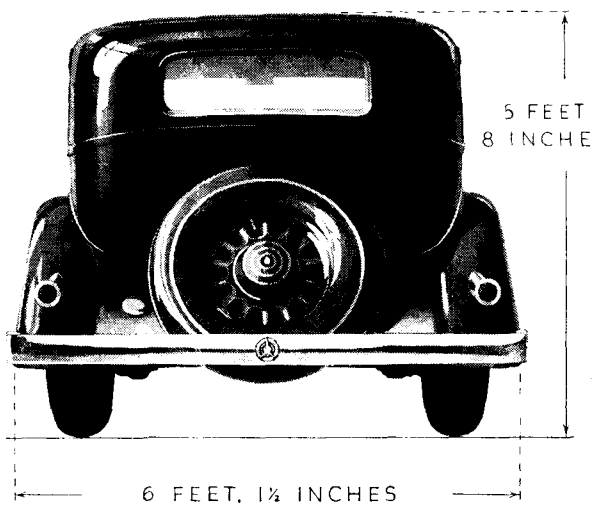
AMBASSADOR SERIES—*142-INCH WHEELBASE*

THE new Nash cars, just announced, upset tradition in dimension. They are lower, longer, wider.

That means they are safer, especially at high speeds, than cars higher in the air, shorter in wheelbase, narrower in tread. They hug the road with uncanny stability, steer with the utmost ease, turn sharp corners with a new feeling of security.

These cars are actually wider at the rear than their height. Most men are taller than five feet, eight. And practically all cars. But the largest Nash cars, the 142-inch wheelbase Ambassador Series, are only five feet, eight, in over-all height.

The extra width at the rear also adds comfort. It permits wider seats and arm-rests. These new cars also have a new type of high-backed seat which contributes immeasurably to the comfort of travel.



(5¼ *inches lower than wide*)

The length and lowness add style and grace to the Nash profile. They accentuate the beauty of the Slip-Stream body lines, the wind-deflecting V-radiator and the Beavertail back. Because these cars are not so high in the air, and because their Slip-Stream design minimizes wind resistance, power is saved and speed is added.

Nash has really stepped out ahead with these new cars. Every series is more powerful. Three of the Eights have a new Silent Underslung Worm Drive, Twin Ignition and automatic centralized chassis lubrication—three important factors of quality and super performance.

All models have a new X-Dual frame, super-rigid and super-durable. All have dash-adjusted, full-range ride control. All have *completely* sound-proofed bodies and chassis. All have aluminum alloy (Bohnalite) pistons and connecting rods, an important reason for the brilliance of Nash acceleration and the long-lived efficiency of Nash motors.

These are by no means all the Nash superiorities, but they serve to show you that these are cars you should see—*and drive*—before you select your new car.

BIG SIX
116-inch Wheelbase
$777 *to* $935

STANDARD EIGHT
121-inch Wheelbase
$965 *to* $1095

SPECIAL EIGHT
128-inch Wheelbase
$1270 *to* $1475

ADVANCED EIGHT
133-inch Wheelbase
$1595 *to* $1875

AMBASSADOR EIGHT
142-inch Wheelbase
$1855 *to* $2055

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY—SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

New NASH

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Hot Water

Continued from page 15

forehead which seems to go with seats in the Senate. Above this forehead was a fine jungle of snow-white hair, below it a pair of jet-black eyebrows and, beneath these, two piercing and penetrating eyes which even now were none too friendly.

"Come on, come on," he said. It seemed to be his favorite expression.

He seated himself in a convenient chair and Packy, having swathed him in a sheet, brought to bear what he could remember of the technique of the profession.

"Rather thin on top, sir."

"No, it's not."

"Scalp a little dry, sir."

"No, it isn't."

"Ever try a hot-oil shampoo, sir?"

"No. And I'm not going to."

"Beautiful day, sir."

"What?"

"The day, sir. Beautiful."

"What of it?"

RIGHTLY or wrongly, Packy received the impression that small talk was not desired. He addressed himself silently to his task, and for a few minutes only the snipping of scissors disturbed the calm of the apartment. At the end of that period the whole atmosphere of the place was suddenly brightened and improved out of all knowledge by the entrance of a girl. She came right in without knocking and sat down on the table.

Although betrothed to Lady Beatrice Bracken, Packy Franklyn had not wholly given up the good old custom of looking squarely at pretty girls. He looked squarely at this one, and found her charming. She had a nice round face that suggested possibilities in the way of dimples, and nice black hair and a nice little figure and nice dark eyes. And when she spoke her voice was nice, too, giving her a full hand.

"Hullo, Father."

"Hullo."

"Having your hair cut?"

"Yes."

Packy could put two and two together. The first portion of this dialogue had told him that here were a father and daughter, the second that there existed between them a healthy spirit of confidence and frankness. No concealments. No evasions. He liked it.

Not, he felt, that it mattered much whether he liked it or not. Except for a fleeting and uninterested glance, the girl ignored his presence completely. Swinging her nice little legs, she began to speak freely of her own affairs, and at the end of a few minutes he knew as much about them as she did.

Jane, to begin with, was her name. That, at least, was what the senator called her, and he seemed a man you could rely on. Her name was Jane, and she had been shopping earlier in the afternoon and had found some lovely handkerchiefs, not at all expensive, at a place in Regent Street. She thought the weather great and admired the London policemen. She would have liked to remain longer in London, but that, Packy gathered, was impossible because she and her father were leaving on the morrow for France.

It seemed that the prospective hardships of the journey were weighing on the senator's mind.

"What do these Gedges want to live in a place like that for? I hate sea trips on small boats."

"What I want to know," said Jane, "is why we are going to stay with the Gedges at all."

"Never mind."

"Mr. Gedge isn't such a great friend of yours, is he?"

"Gedge!" Senator Opal uttered a sharp, barking sound. "I've no use for Gedge. A fellow who says he had a five on the ninth, and I saw him with my own eyes take four niblick shots in the gulley."

He paused, brooding coldly over some past unpleasantness which seemed still to rankle. Packy found himself warming to this Gedge, whoever he might be. A man who could attempt to chisel Senator Opal in a golf game must have striking qualities of enterprise and determination.

"Well, do you like Mrs. Gedge?"

"No, I don't. She's a pest. Do you know what she's always after me to do? Use my pull to get that pop-eyed husband of hers made American ambassador to France! A fellow who's a cross between a half-witted fish and a pneumonia germ. Well, I don't think I shall have much more trouble about that. I wrote her a letter the day before yesterday, telling her in so many words that I didn't think a man who couldn't count his shots at golf was a fit and proper representative for my country in the capital of a great and friendly power. You let a fellow like Gedge loose in Paris as an ambassador and first thing you know he'd be giving America a black eye by being deported for cheating the French President at backgammon."

"Crook parts! Crook parts! Why do you all the time gotta cast me in crook parts?" *Richard Decker*

"Well, after that, isn't it going to be rather awkward, staying with the Gedges?"

"We are going to stay with them, so don't talk any more about it. How about that valet?"

The abrupt change of subject seemed to disconcert the girl. She had evidently only begun to touch the fringe of her chosen theme.

"Valet?"

"I told you to go to the employment agency and get me a valet."

"Oh, yes. Yes. They're sending a man round."

"Good. I suppose he'll be just another sub-human half-wit like the rest of them, but . . ."

Senator Opal's voice trailed away in a sort of rasping howl. A scratched phonograph record would have produced a similar sound. For the first time, he had scrutinized himself closely in the mirror opposite the chair, and it was plain that what he saw there was having a disastrous effect on his morale. Little bubbling noises proceeded from him, and his face deepened slowly to a ripe magenta. Then, after an instant in which time seemed to stand still, he bounded up and turned on Packy, red-eyed.

Packy understood his emotion and sympathized with it. What with being a novice with the scissors and having allowed his concentration to be impaired by the necessity of drinking in what these two had been saying about their private affairs, he had undeniably made something approaching a devastated area of that noble white mop. He had shortened it, yes, but he had shortened it in a series of irregular ridges which, though picturesque and interesting, might, he realized, quite easily not appeal to an owner of orthodox views.

But, though compassionate, he was not foolhardy. After the briefest and swiftest of looks at the fermenting legislator, he started to move towards the nearest exit.

"Here, you!"

Packy halted. He had not wished to halt, but that bellow would have stopped the Scotch Express.

"Look what you've done, you clumsy, dithering moron!"

"Now, Father!"

"Don't say 'Now, Father!' Look what you've done," thundered the senator, waggling his head from side to side so that Packy should get the light and shade effects. "I'll have you fired for this. Do you call yourself a barber?"

It was an occasion when only candor could serve.

"I'm glad you brought that up," said Packy. "No."

"What!"

"You see, I happened to be waiting in the shop for a haircut myself when you telephoned. There were no barbers there and there didn't seem any prospect of there ever being any, so I stepped into the breach. I thought it was the square thing to do."

A STRANGE, wordless sound proceeded from Senator Opal, and, having uttered it, he began to advance with so much meaning in his burning eyes and twitching hands that Packy, though for three years he had faced without a tremor the massed attacks of footballers from Harvard, Princeton, the Army and other points, suddenly found himself undisguisedly in flight. Harvard, Princeton and the Army had not included a berserk senator on their teams.

The handle of the door came conveniently to his fingers. He turned it and passed through. It was not until he was in the elevator that he paused to mop a moist brow. He had something of the emotions of a rabbit that has just eluded a more than usually quick-tempered boa constrictor.

He found that he was still in the possession of property belonging to the hotel—to wit, scissors, one pair. The sheet, he recalled, was lying on the floor of Suite 400. He could have gone back and got it, had he wished, but he did not wish. He went to the barber shop, placed the scissors on the edge of a basin, mopped his brow again, and mounted the stairs to the lobby.

Blair Eggleston was there, looking at his watch.

BLAIR EGGLESTON was small and slim and, if you did not mind side whiskers and one of those little mustaches which resemble smears of soot, good-looking. He regarded Packy with a glassy eye.

"Hello," said Packy, forcing himself to a joyous enthusiasm which he was far from feeling. "Here I am."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'm afraid I'm a little late."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Beatrice said you were expecting me at a quarter to five, but I had to see a man about some hair."

"Beatrice?"

"Lady Beatrice Bracken."

"She said what?"

"That you were . . ."

Packy broke off. He perceived that he no longer had the good fortune to engage his companion's attention. He wondered if the other were always like this. If so, the task of laying the foundation of that beautiful friendship which Beatrice seemed to desire so greatly was going to be a man-sized job.

"Can we by any chance have got the wires crossed?" he said. "It *was* the idea, wasn't it, that we should pile on a pot of tea together?"

Blair Eggleston's eyes suddenly lost their glassiness. He stiffened like a pointing dog. He reached out and clutched Packy's coat sleeve feverishly.

"Ah! There she is!"

Packy, following his gaze, saw that the elevator had just discharged passengers into the lobby. And among them, with an unpleasant shock, he recognized his late client's daughter. She was heading straight for them, and there came to him a strong conviction that the sooner he left this spot the better.

"Well, it's been great seeing you again," he said, hastily, "but I've just remembered an important . . ."

His attempts to withdraw were foiled by the fact that Blair Eggleston, apparently unconsciously, was still attached to his coat sleeve with a limpet grip.

THE girl was quite near now, and Packy was able to see that the nice little forehead which he had so much admired was puckered. He made another unsuccessful attempt to release himself.

"I really must be . . ."

"Jane!" cried Blair Eggleston. "What a time you've been!"

The girl made no reply. Her attention was riveted on Packy.

"You!" she said.

There are practically no good answers to the word "You!" Packy did not attempt one.

"I don't know who you are, but it may interest you to know that you've probably ruined my whole life."

Packy begged her not to say that. A foolish request, seeing that she had just said it. He also asked her what she meant.

"I'll tell you what I mean. Blair and I are engaged, and Father doesn't know anything about it yet. I went up there to try to coax him into a good temper before Blair broke the news, and now you've played this fool trick and got him madder than a hornet."

Blair Eggleston seemed bewildered.

"I don't understand."

(Continued on page 37)

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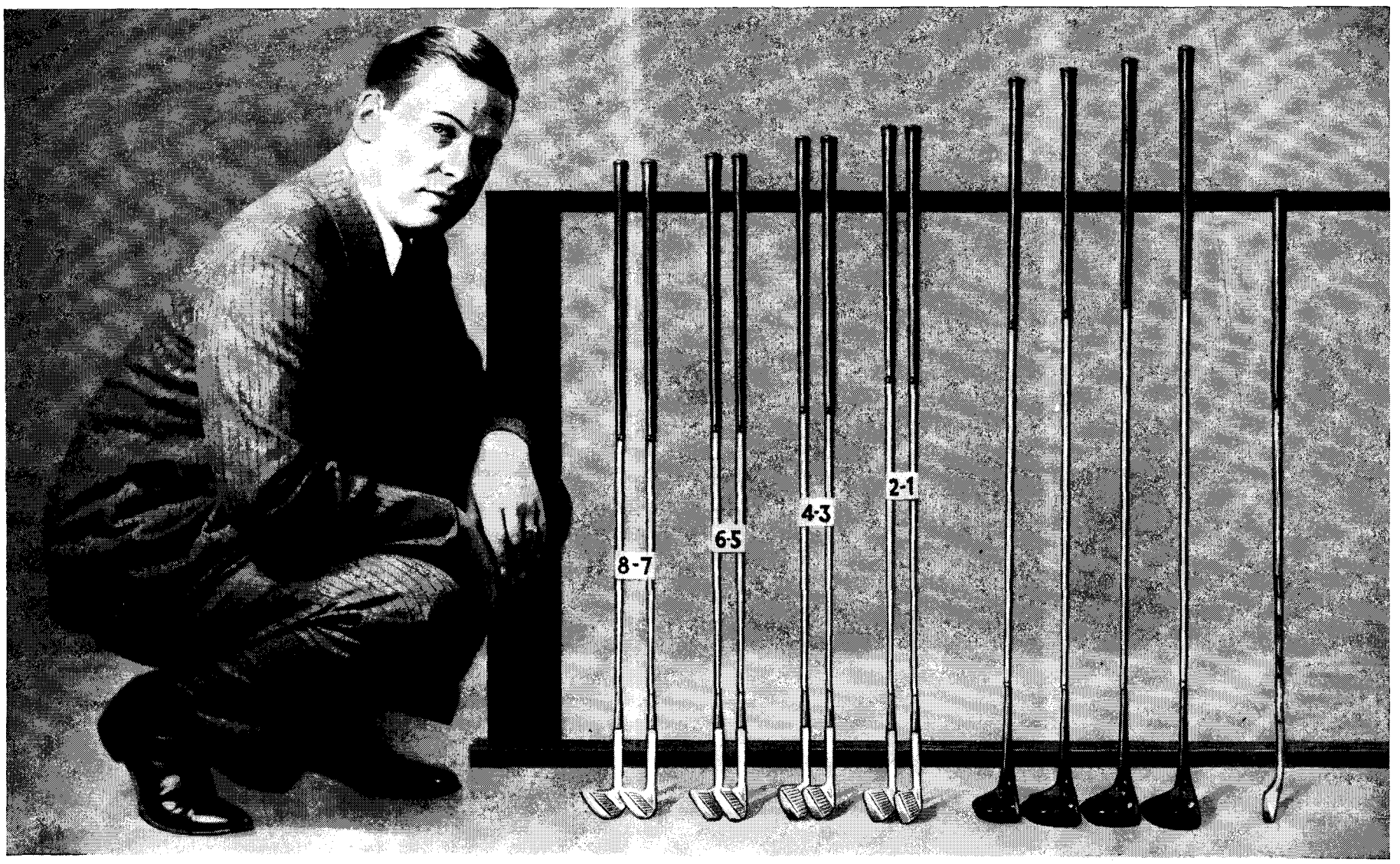

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HERE is Bobby Jones examining the first set of golf clubs ever made which offer his idea of what perfect golf clubs should be!

From 8 to 1, is a set of the greatest Irons that the game has ever seen. Jones, now a Spalding Director, and the Spalding experts—working together- have, by redistributing the weight, succeeded in designing an iron whose head tends to follow through naturally. As Jones himself expressed it, "the blade seems to flow through the ball."

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The interesting looking club on the end is none other than Calamity Jane—an exact duplicate (even down to the winding on the hickory shaft) of the famous lady herself. Legend has it that Bobby Jones clings to this great putter because he considers it "lucky." In a way, that's true. Calamity Jane's magnificent balance and deadliness make it a lucky club in any golfer's bag.

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Set of 9 $75 Set of 8 $67 Set of 6 $50
(Cushion Shaft Irons, sold separately, are $5 each)

CUSTOM-BUILT DE LUXE REGISTERED WOODS
Set of 4 $48 Set of 3 $36 Pair $24

CUSTOM-BUILT STANDARD REGISTERED WOODS
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(Autograph Woods, separately, $8 and $10 each)

Custom-Built De Luxe Senior Graduated Registered Woods, $60 for set of 5. Senior Graduated Matched Woods, $40 for set of 5. Calamity Jane Putter, $6.

Spalding
ROBERT T. JONES, JR.
GOLF CLUBS

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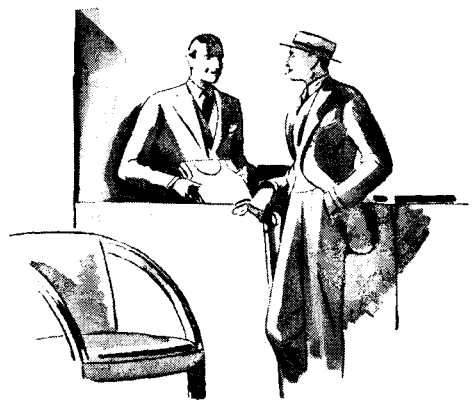
Penny for Penny
Dollar for Dollar



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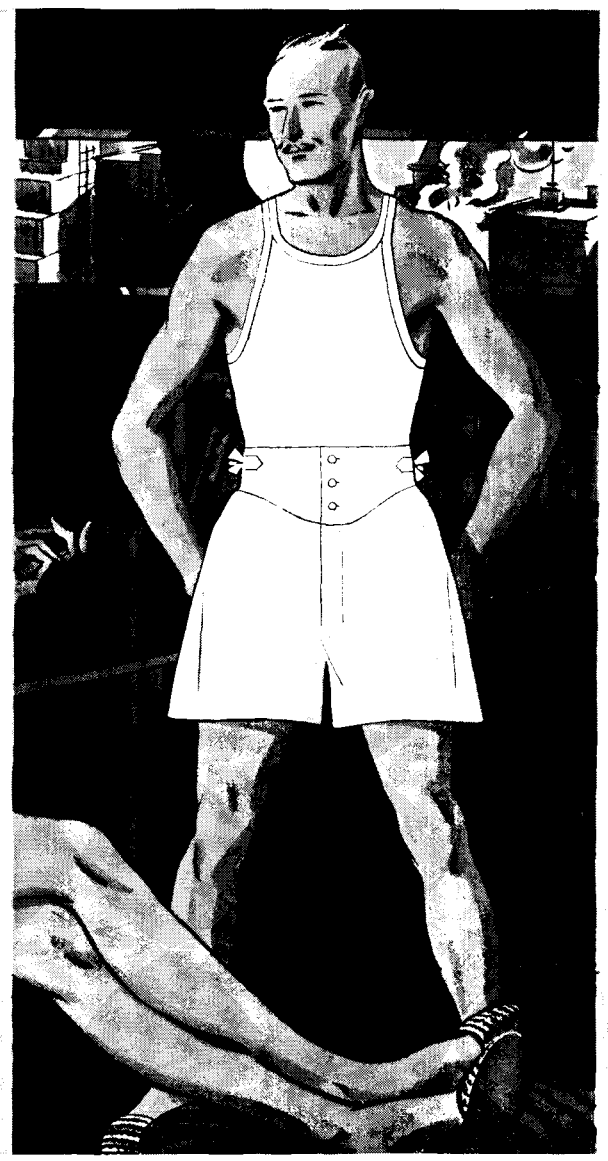

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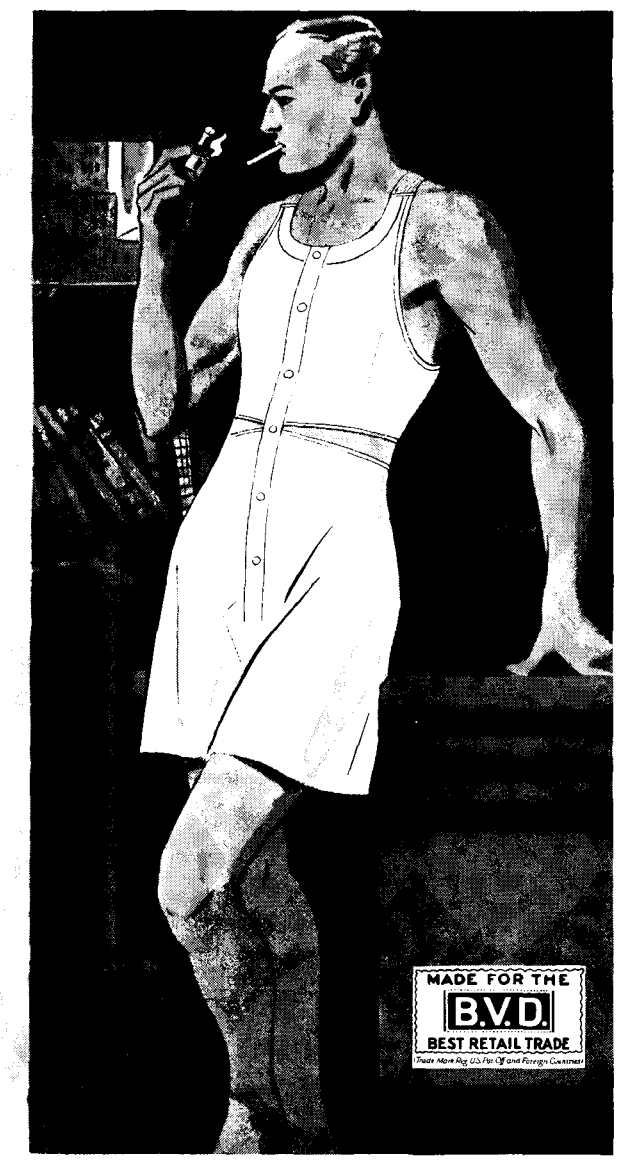

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Hot Water

Continued from page 31

"You will," said Jane Opal grimly.

Blair Eggleston's was a face which even at normal times had always a certain intellectual pallor. As he listened now, this pallor became more pronounced and his lower jaw drooped feebly, like a dying lily.

"You don't mean that after that I've got to go and ask your father's consent to our marriage?"

"Yes."

"But you say he is extremely upset."

"He was tearing up a sheet when I left," said Jane.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Packy.

Jane asked him what was the good of being sorry, and for the life of him he could not tell her. He remained silent.

A GOOD deal of talk now followed in which he took no share. His companions were discussing the various points in his character which prevented his achieving ideal perfection, and on such occasions the well-bred man does not chip in.

"Listen," he said at last, taking advantage of the fact that girls, no matter how gifted as critics, cannot go on forever without stopping to take breath. "I may be a dangerous imbecile—I'm not saying I'm not—but if you'll only listen for a minute, I think I can help you."

It is possible that mere words might not have availed, but at this moment the girl Jane, who had been allowing her eyes to play silently over his face while she thought of what to say next, came before the meeting with a question: "Aren't you Packy Franklyn?"

"Yes."

"I've been trying to remember ever since I saw you upstairs. You reminded me of someone, and I couldn't think who it was. I saw you score that touchdown against Harvard. Boy, that was a run!"

Her voice had lost its rancor. It was plain that she considered the revelation of his identity to have placed an entirely new complexion on the matter. What is lunatic behavior in the ordinary man becomes mere playful eccentricity in a football hero.

"Do you remember when you sort of wiggled sideways and that end just missed you by inches?"

"I got the breaks," said Packy modestly.

"Gosh, I was hoarse for weeks."

Her voice and manner were now all amiability. In Blair Eggleston's, on the other hand, the old animosity still lingered.

"I cannot see," he said stiffly, "how Mr. Franklyn's ability to run and—ah—wiggle sideways affects the matter under discussion."

"No," agreed Jane, reminded of her wrongs. "Get back to the point. What were you saying about being able to help us?"

"I can give Eggleston a few tips which will improve his technique. This asking-father's-consent stuff is pie, if you handle it right. What you need is front. Bright self-confidence."

"It's quite true, Blair."

"Look at me. Faced by an earl. What did I do?"

"What earl?"

"Never mind what earl. It was the Earl of Stableford, if you must know, and a tough baby he is, as anyone in Dorsetshire will tell you. Well, what happened? I just charged in, slapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'Hello there, Earl! I'm going to marry your daughter, so let us have no back-talk.' Just like that."

Blair Eggleston shuddered strongly.

"And it worked?" said Jane.

"Like a charm. Fellow's eaten out of my hand ever since."

"I can't do it," said Blair Eggleston.

"Of course you can."

"Of course you can," said Packy. "Take a drink first. Take two drinks. Three."

"Yes, and have Father sniff it! Haven't you ever heard he's a rabid Dry? If he thought Blair had been drinking, he would have him bumped off and dropped in the Thames by moonlight."

Packy mused a while.

"I've got it. Go and tell him you're a friend of Miss Opal's and say she pointed me out to you and told you I had mussed up his hair, and you were so mad you sailed right in and knocked me for a loop."

"THAT would make him grateful," explained Jane.

"He would be all over you," said Packy. "Then, when he's fawning on you and saying 'My hero!' you slip him the big news."

"H'm!" said Blair Eggleston.

"Or another method: Pretend to be an influential member of the Temperance Society of England and touch him for a ten-dollar subscription. Then give him the works. By this means, whatever happens, you will be ten bucks up, at any rate."

"Well, anyway," said Jane, "you'd better get action. It's no good standing here doing nothing. Maybe Father will have gone off the boil by now."

"Sure to," said Packy.

"Go on up, Blair, and get it over."

"And if you fail," said Packy, "what of it? It will just be one more grave among the hills."

THE departure of Blair Eggleston seemed to remove a certain fevered something from the atmosphere. The conversation up to this point had been conducted in a tensely perpendicular attitude on the part of all concerned. Jane Opal now allowed herself to be led to an alcove where a couple of armchairs held out a promise of repose and comfort. She sank into one of these and looked at Packy interestedly.

"How funny, us meeting like this," she said.

"A scream," agreed Packy.

"I mean, you were the idol of my girlish dreams when I was a kid."

"I was in my prime then. A flick of the finger, a broken heart."

"I used to go to football games and worship you. You certainly could teach those stevedores to take a joke."

Rightly interpreting her to mean by this term the gentlemanly students of Harvard, Princeton, West Point and other intellectual centers, Packy simpered coyly.

"Your taste in idols seems to have changed," he said. "You appear to like them smaller and brainier nowadays. Incidentally, I wonder how Eggleston is getting on. About now, I should imagine, he is leaning on the bell and your father is shouting 'Come on! Come on! Come on!' in that curious way of his that always reminds me of a gorilla thumping its chest."

Jane knitted her brow anxiously.

"Father's a pretty hard egg, isn't he?"

"It is not for me to criticize your father," said Packy primly, "but I can tell you this—if he ever asks me to come down a lonely alley with him to see his stamp collection, I shall refuse with considerable firmness."

"I never realized till now that he was quite such a man-eater. I've hardly seen him these last two years. I've been in Paris, finishing. I wonder if it was really wise to send Blair up?"

"Is he insured?"

"The trouble is, you see, Father has very decided views about the sort of man he wants me to marry. That's what has made us keep the thing a secret. He expects me to make a big match."

"Some belted earl?"

"It looks more like a belted vicomte at the moment. He is taking me to visit some people named Gedge who live in a château over in Brittany. It belongs to a French vicomtesse, and I feel sure Father's real reason for going there is that her son will be there and he wants to bring us together. He practically said as much this morning. I can't see what else would take him to a place like St. Rocque."

"St. Rocque? This fellow your father wants you to marry isn't the Vicomte de Blissac, by any chance?"

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"I was talking to him only this afternoon. Well, this is certainly where I can oblige with a word in season. You mustn't do it. You positively mustn't. I'm not saying a word against the dear old Veek, mind you. As a companion for a merry evening in the pleasure zone of a great city he stands almost without a peer. But if I were a girl *I* wouldn't marry him on a bet."

(To be continued next week)

"Had a tough day, Myrtle. The wind was against me all the time" *G. Francis Kauffman*

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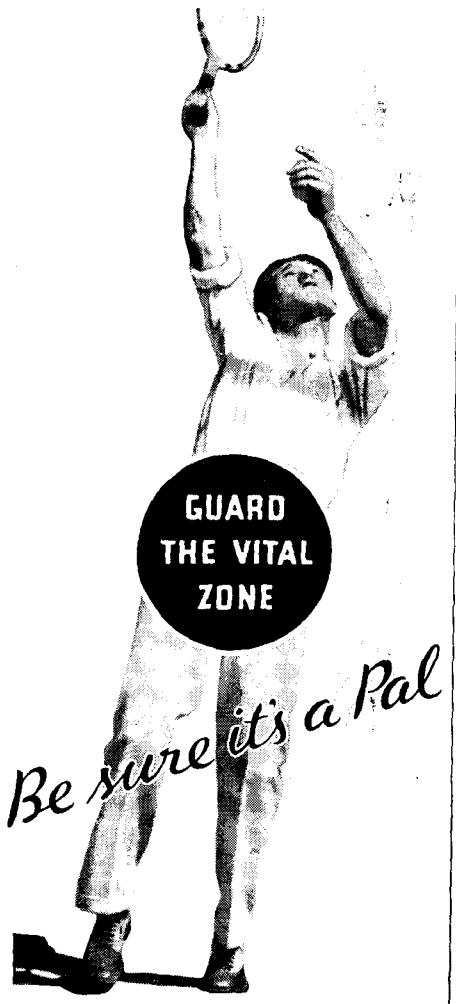

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Down on Willow Creek

Continued from page 13

Summer was over and the tree leaves were turning yellow and red and russet all along Willow Creek. Things had sort of eased back to natural, and we were busy with the crops. My uncle said we were going to have a late fall. I was spending all my spare time working over my traps and getting the trap line out, because the rabbit and quail season was on.

Rafael had already been over with two or three messes of quail for my uncle. He always brought us a lot that time of the year. He had a blue steel double-barrel—it was before the days of all these newfangled guns. My uncle said it was the straightest-shooting shotgun he ever sighted. It had big hammers like jack-rabbit ears, that stood up almost at right angles to the barrel. And Lupe was given up to be the best bird dog anywhere. My uncle said so. Rafael could make her do most anything. He had a way with horses too, and when anybody had a bad one or a wild colt, they'd send for Rafael to come over and ride him.

Sometimes he'd bring his guitar over to our house in the evening and do the fandango and sing. He sang soft and his voice was always sort of hopeless and broken-hearted, and made you sad. The song I liked best started off, "*Yo me voy, pero donde ire.*" ("I'm going, but where shall I go?") It would pretty near make your heart turn over, it was so sad.

But most of the time he played his guitar for Carmencita Gomez.

ONE afternoon I was up in the north pasture to bring in the milk cows and I saw a big sorrel horse and buggy whipping along up the pike road. They came pretty close to me but I knew soon as I saw them who it was. It was a spider-wheeled two-seater, and it had rubber tires. There wasn't anybody but Niles Rutherford had a rig like that. I watched him turn off at the Gomez lane and stop at the house.

Old Gomez was the only other Mexican in our section. He had a little patch of sandy land up the creek north of us where he raised garden truck. I had a rabbit trap on his land and Carmencita, his daughter, used to help me put it out every year. She always knew good places.

I saw Niles Rutherford's rig two or three times after that going up to Gomez'. And once when I was looking I saw Rafael Caban standing by the creek, looking too. And all of a sudden I knew that Niles Rutherford was up there to see Carmencita, Rafael's girl.

A few days after that I was fixing up a trap near Rafael's place when a covey of quail whirred by me and lit in the woods back of me by a big pecan tree. I figured I'd tell Rafael where that covey was hiding, and I was pushing through the brush toward his house when here came his dog Lupe, working out the meadow beyond the woods. Rafael was a ways back. He stopped just as I saw him and stood leaning on his gun. Lupe went running back to him and jumped up on him, her paws sliding down the gun barrel. Then he started off with the gun over his shoulder and Lupe ran on ahead.

I went across the meadow and yelled to him. When I got up, I told him about the big covey down by the pecan tree. And then I pointed at Lupe. "Why don't you step on her hind feet when she jumps up on you?" I said. "That'll make her quit it." But he just smiled. "We jus' play today," he said.

Practicing, I guess he meant, because he didn't have any load in his gun.

It sure was a late fall. Indian summer and not a speck of cold weather. I was still going barefooted. One warm afternoon I went up through the woods to my north trap. Just before I got to the Gomez clearing I saw Carmencita washing clothes on some rocks down at the creek.

"Hey, Cita!" I called. "Got a rabbit?" I pointed up toward where the trap was.

She shook her head sadly like Mexicans do, and spread her hands. "Ah, Robin, I don' onderstan' why he don' catch heem."

She sounded mournful like she'd lost her last friend, and it made me laugh. She laughed then too, looking at me with her head on one side. I liked Cita and I loved to hear her laugh.

I walked out in the creek. It was ankle deep and clear and the hard sand felt good to my toes. I had another trap down where there was a pool in the creek near a big sycamore. I told her I was going to wade down there. She looked around toward her house, then put her finger to her lips and said, "Wait."

With that she got off her shoes and stockings, put them behind a bush, and stepped out with me. She let out a squeal as if the water was cold. But in a minute she had her dress tucked up, and went along with her hands on her hips, splashing water and laughing.

Her legs were brown and smooth, and her feet looked pretty, kicking the water. They were littler than mine, and I guess Carmencita was sixteen and pretty near grown, and I was just eleven.

That wasn't the first time she'd waded with me. Sometimes we'd meet Rafael down the creek, and I had an idea that's why she came. She played around like a kid with me, but she acted grown-up quick when we'd meet Rafael.

Something had sprung my second trap and got the bait. I set it and baited it again. Carmencita had gone on ahead to the pool and was standing on a big rock at the edge. She waved to me and made a motion with her hand like a person doing a dive. Then she did dive off the rock with her dress on. She'd done that before and dried out on the way back home.

I liked to swim with her because she got through the water like a striped frog. But this time I turned and went back upstream to where the wagon road crossed. There was something I'd seen when we passed, drawing me back to the road. And when I saw it again it came to me what it was. Some thin, round, wheel tracks in the wet sand. They were still showing, even where the water went over them, and that meant that it hadn't been long ago when a buggy had crossed there, and I knew whose buggy it was.

I TURNED and ran to the pool and then stopped short. Niles Rutherford was leaning against a willow. His face was flushed up and he was sort of half-laughing under his mustache. Carmencita was out of the pool. She stood there holding her arms over her chest, and her eyes were big and scared. Water was running down from her dress and making little pools in the sand. The dress was so wet it stuck to her tight all over. Niles Rutherford didn't ever look at me. He just kept running his eyes over her.

I don't know what he said before I got there but: "Been going over some new land of mine," he said now, and made a big sweep of his arm toward Rafael's farm. Carmencita just stared like she couldn't move and couldn't speak. I felt that way too.

"My buggy's just up the way," he went on. "Come, let me drive you home." He took a step toward her, holding out his hand. And with that, Carmencita was over the rocks, around the edge of the pool and into the brush like a deer. I took out upstream and ducked into the woods by the road.

I heard him call after her, and saw him slipping on the rocks trying to get around the pool. But pretty soon he turned and went back the way he'd come. In a little bit I saw the buggy go down the road. And then I called to Carmencita and nearly jumped out of my skin when she answered from a bush not ten feet from me.

She'd torn her dress and her feet were scratched. They weren't calloused up and tough like mine. But she didn't pay any attention to them, just ran back down to the creek. I wanted to go part of the way home with her, but she wouldn't let me.

I thought I'd see if I could find Rafael and tell him about what happened, but it was coming on sundown and I had a cow to milk.

THE next day Rafael Caban was locked up in jail, and his land was gone. And his bird dog and gun, and everything he had. The sheriff and some deputies came out and got him.

My uncle said Rafael told him in the summer he was afraid he was going to lose his land. Rafael said then he'd paid his taxes, but he hadn't got a paper for it. My uncle said Niles Rutherford had trumped up a tax lien and got a mortgage and foreclosed and took the bird dog and gun for interest. And had Rafael put in jail to scare him from trying to do anything about it.

My uncle said, "Well, he wanted that strip of land of Rafael's. And he's always wanted that bird dog and gun. And now he's got 'em. He's been wanting Rafael's girl too, and I reckon he'll get her now."

One day I saw Niles Rutherford in his buggy. Judge Alley was with him. The judge was holding Lupe between his legs.

It seemed pretty hard to think of Rafael in jail and Niles Rutherford shooting over his dog. But, of course, all bird dogs are alike and they'll hunt for anybody that's got a gun.

I was cutting my kindling, around sundown, when Judge Alley came tearing over to our house. He was all flustered up and excited. I went with him down to the barn to get my uncle. The judge said there had been an accident and Niles Rutherford was all shot up, hunting on Rafael's land.

My uncle went with him to help with the body and get a doctor. But, like he said, there wasn't anything a doctor could do for a man with his head blown off.

You see, the way the thing happened, Niles Rutherford had stopped and was leaning on his gun when Lupe jumped up on him. Her paws slid down the barrel to the triggers and off went both loads.

My Aunt Emma said it was God's will, and I guess it was.

Anyways, Rafael's back on his land and Carmencita's got a baby. They married way back before Christmas. Sometimes Rafael lets me go quail hunting with him. Lupe, his dog, don't jump up on him any more. He stepped on her hind feet and broke her of that.

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

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Sorta Waitin'

Continued from page 19

Ruth making eighty thousand dollars a year playin' ball and he said, well, if I could make just one eighth of that in any one year, he'd say different."

"If you could make ten thousand dollars a year, he'd say yes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ten thousand dollars a year isn't chicken money, even in this league. You're a long way from that. This is your first year."

"That's what I told Emmy. She said she'd wait for me."

THE letter situation kept getting worse and the pennant fight closer. The Giants were in second place, one game behind St. Louis and things were so tense that nerves were beginning to crack. Dan told McGraw about the ten-thousand-dollar business.

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried McGraw. "Who's he think he is! Give him a ticket to Evansville. We've got along without him for thirty years. We can probably make it this year."

But Jake was going in almost every day to pinch-hit, and when he had his *mind on the game*, things happened. When he didn't, nobody could have been worse.

Dan had another idea.

"Now, here, Joe," he said to Joe Harmon, one of his reporter pals. "You know all the pretty girls in New York. Take this Klinker sap and get him in love with somebody else. Get his mind off this correspondence-school sweetheart of his."

Joe took Jake out every night for a week and Jake seemed to have a crush on Betty Forsythe, who looked like somebody on a candy box and had men all the way from Siam crazy about her. For Joe's sake, Betty treated Jake as if he were the only male left east of Catasauqua, Pennsylvania.

At the end of a week, Betty called Joe on the phone.

"Joe," she said, "I love this Klinker person more than anybody on earth, but I can't go on living with Emmy. Mr. Klinker don't drink because Emmy and Mr. McGraw wouldn't like it. He won't dance because he promised Emmy back at the high-school prom that he'd keep himself sacred for her. We went to a night club and he didn't like it because the chorus girls weren't wearing overcoats. He said he didn't think Emmy would like to see him in a place like that. We went to see Marlene Dietrich in a movie and he said she was pretty good-looking, but had I ever seen Emmy? I guess you'd better take your boy friend back, Joe; he's making me feel like his grandmother."

THE career of Jake from then on went something like this:

Monday, Cincinnati—No letter. Struck out with Johnson pitching.

Tuesday, Cincinnati—No letter. Struck out with Lucas pitching.

Wednesday, Chicago—No letter. Struck out with Malone pitching. Curses all along the bench. Ultimatum that night from McGraw: "This is the last. No more. I'm through. Back to Evansville or I go crazy. I can't stand him a minute longer." Dan Kelly: "Just one more chance, Mr. McGraw."

Thursday, Chicago—*Letter!* Root pitching. Home run in the eighth with two on, winning the game, and putting the Giants in a tie with St. Louis.

Following that, Dan Kelly came to Jake's room.

"I've been in baseball forty years and this is the first time I ever heard of a club making a player get married. But you're going to get married if we *all* have to sit around with shotguns. Do you think Emmy will have you all of a sudden like this?"

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Kelly. I don't know at all. Emmy wouldn't mind none, and I wouldn't mind, but her papa, Mr. Swanson—"

"Yes, I know. . . . Ten thousand bucks. Well, we'll take care of that. And I can tell you that no such arrangement as this has ever happened before in the history of the world."

"Mr. Kelly, that's mighty nice of Mr. McGraw and you. . . . The only thing is, this year's mighty near over now—"

"You'll be paid ten thousand dollars for this whole season just as if you never had the old contract and you'll be paid ten thousand dollars next year. . . . Now could you get Emmy down here to Chicago before Sunday so we could get it over with? We need you for that St. Louis series and we don't want you to spend it standing around the general-delivery window at the post office."

"Yes, sir, Emmy could get here soon, all right. She could be here first thing in the morn'n'."

"All the way from North Dakota!"

"No, sir, she's been a-visitin' with an aunt of hers down at South Bend, Indiana, for the last two weeks. . . . Sorta waitin'."

"Sorta waitin'!" shouted Dan, with his eyes bulging. "Sorta waiting for what?"

"Oh, just sorta waitin'."

EMMY and Jake were married that night in Chicago right after dinner and then they rushed to catch the train to St. Louis, where the crucial series opened.

Next day Jake went up in the eighth with two men on and the score tied. Emmy was sitting in a box right behind the bench. Jake took one terrific cut at the ball and missed and looked back at Emmy. He took a second strike. He then struck out.

Such cursing in a dugout had never before been heard in the state of Missouri. Jake rambled back to the bench, as unconcerned as ever.

"Well, I tell you, Dan," he was saying as he came down the steps amid a storm of blasphemous words. "With Emmy sittin' back there in that there box, I just couldn't keep my mind on the game."

In his eagerness to get up close to him to kill him, Dan tripped over a catcher's mask and fell on his face.

NEXT day, it was in the seventh that the heavens called for a pinch-hitter.

Dan was pleading with McGraw in a low, tense voice. Hubbell was stalling around about picking out his bat. Reardon, umpiring behind the plate, was coming toward him threateningly. McGraw seemed to waver. Dan pressed him. Then McGraw waved Jake up to the plate.

He went up and took one tremendous swing and missed a foot. It was then that there came a high, shrill scream from a spot behind the Giants' dugout.

"Jake! Come here!"

Jake turned at once and ran to the spot.

It was Emmy. She was leaning over the railing talking to him. Umpire Reardon was on the verge of apoplexy. He ran after Jake, waving his mask and pulling out his watch and shouting.

"Get on back here!" he howled.

Almost as soon as Reardon got there, Jake was ready to go back. He was raring to go back.

They went back, Mr. Reardon berating him at every step.

Jake hit the first ball pitched on a dead line against the right center fence, for a triple, scoring two runs and coming in himself a minute later.

When the inning was over, Reardon came at once to the Giants' bench.

"Another one like that," he said to McGraw, "and you'll have a forfeited game on your hands."

"What was the girl saying to him?" asked McGraw.

"How should I know?" said Mr. Reardon. "A lot of damned foolishness about some place called Bismarck and a lumber yard and if he didn't hit it, she was going right back there. . . . I'm telling you now. Another one like that and—"

"You needn't worry," said McGraw. "It won't happen again."

He came up out of the dugout for the first time in years and patted an umpire fondly on the shoulder and laughed right out loud.

"So I hit the warden with my golf stick and now they won't let me go to choir practice"

Crawford Young

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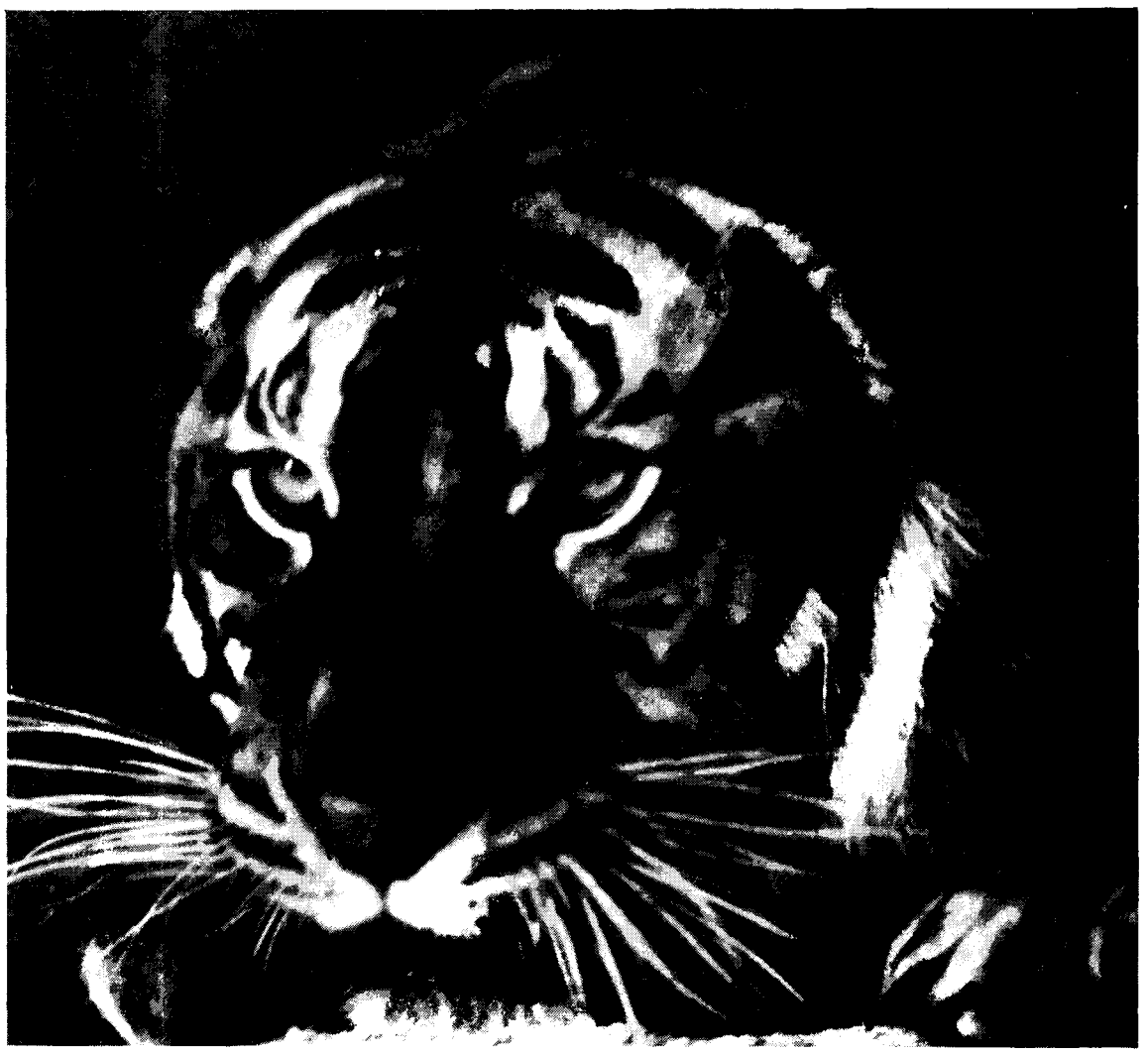

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Oils refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude are longer-lived. They have more stamina to fight the inferno of heat in your motor. When you use a poor oil much of it is driven off by this heat, and so you have to add oil frequently. A pure Pennsylvania oil definitely *lasts* longer. That's saving number one!

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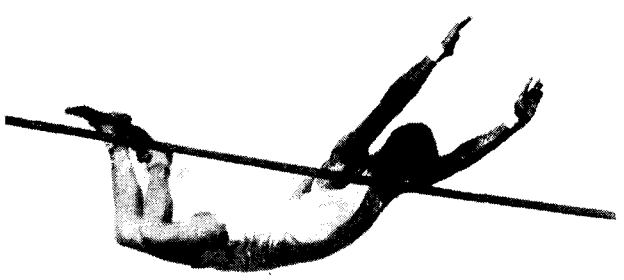

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A Present for Patricia

Continued from page 11

Ken. But what about me? I've got to marry someone. I don't want to be an old maid. I'd hate it. I don't suppose you'd consider marrying me, would you?"

"What?" said Ken.

"I say, I don't suppose you'd consider marrying me?"

He looked at her. He looked at her for quite a long time. It was as if he could not bring himself to believe that she were real.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't consider it. Not while I was in my right mind. For Pete's sake," he added, rather violently, "get up and let's go home. I've just realized what I've been doing."

"What's that?" asked Patricia, rising.

"WELL, in the first place, I've been trying to break up my best friend's engagement—which is technically disloyal and none of my business! And in the second place, I've let you suggest that I substitute for Bertie! I ought to spank you."

"Go ahead," said Patsy.

"No! Come on, let's go home. And, by the way, what do you want for a wedding present?"

"From you?"

"From Bertie. He's in a dither, wondering what to give you."

"I'll think," said Patsy, as they walked out of the wood.

Suddenly she stopped and caught his arm.

"You're right about me!" she exclaimed. "I am too dominating. I ought to be more unselfish. Meeker! Yes, that's it. I'm going to cultivate meekness and—and humility. Will you help me, Ken?"

"I most certainly will not!"

"All right," said Patsy.

"Why don't you," he asked irritably, "do something useful with your money? Why don't you endow something, or start a foundation, or—?"

"You mean, do something to help humanity?"

"Exactly."

"That," said Patsy, "is a perfectly stunning idea. I must think about it for a while."

"Do!" said Ken.

When they got back to the house he hurried upstairs and roused Bertie from his nap. "Get up," Ken said, "and drive me to the station. Your betrothed is downstairs thinking what she can do to help humanity. I don't wish to be here when her thought matures."

Bertie rose and yawned. "You find out what she wants for a wedding present?" he asked.

"No," said Ken, "I didn't."

"I'll have to find out for myself, after all," remarked Bertie sadly.

He sought out Patsy. He found her in the conservatory, thoughtfully tossing fish to Edward, the seal.

"Look here, now, Pat, my girl!" said Bertie manfully. "I want to know what you want me to give you for a wedding present. You've got to tell me, because I can't think of anything."

"I can," said Patsy.

"Well, what?"

"Promise not to faint?"

"Who, me?" said Bertie. "I've never fainted in my life."

Patsy turned and faced him. She was smiling a little doubtfully, like a child about to ask for third helpings.

"I want Ken," said Bertie's intended bride.

One afternoon a week later, Mr. Kenneth Hollister returned to his apartment in lower Park Avenue to find it astonishingly altered. Its familiar chaos had given place to neatness and good order. He was surprised and outraged. Mentally he damned the housemaid.

Puzzled, he stepped into his bedroom, and there on his bed saw a dark-haired, pink-cheeked girl lying fast asleep.

He walked over to the bed and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Patsy!" he said. "Wake up! What the deuce are you doing here?"

She stirred, sat up quickly and blinked her round blue eyes at him.

"Oh, hello, Ken," she said.

"Will you tell me what you're doing asleep on my bed?"

"Yes. I came to see you. The housemaid let me in. I told her I was a friend of yours."

"Oh," said Ken.

"Then you didn't come, and I got bored waiting, so I cleaned up your room."

"I noticed that. I don't like it. I—"

"And *then*," continued Patsy hurriedly, "I got frightfully sleepy. So I just came in here and went to sleep."

"I see," said Ken. He drew breath; and expelled it in an explosive but rather ineffectual "Well—!"

"Well what, Ken?"

"I don't know. Come into my living-room—and stop looking like a child caught stealing the jam. You're not a child. Not by a long shot."

"No," said Patricia soberly, as she followed him into the living-room. "I'm not a child and, what's more, I never have been. I've never had any childhood. You may doubt that, but it's true. That's what gave me the idea for my Foundation."

"Your what?"

"My Foundation. You know you suggested that I do something for humanity. Well, I've a perfectly gorgeous idea." She sat down in Ken's favorite armchair and gazed brightly at him as he stood leaning against the mantel. "I'm going to start an organization to be known as the Patricia Trask Foundation for the Propagation and Encouragement of Pleasure."

"Of pleasure? Do you mean pleasure?"

"Yes, pleasure! I've already put half a million dollars in the bank and sent Bertie out to look for offices. Bertie's to be treasurer, I'm to be secretary, and you're to be president."

"JUST a moment," said Ken. "Just one fraction of a moment! Is this a joke, or are you—by any remote chance—being serious?"

"Of course I'm being serious!" declared the blue-eyed heiress. "You know as well as I do that there isn't enough fun in the world."

"I grant you that."

"All right. I want to try to do something to supply that need. Is that wrong of me?"

"No," Ken said. "But it's quite a job. How are you going to manage it?"

Her smile flashed up at him.

"First of all," she said, "we must try to get the idea of fun into people's heads. I'd like especially to try to reach the children. I'd like to endow a hundred circuses and send them out touring the world. That's my idea of educating the younger generation."

"I see," said Ken. "You want to say it with elephants."

"And clowns," she added. "Lots of clowns. Bertie thinks it's great!"

Bertie, as it happened, was even at that moment at the door of Ken's apartment. He rang and was admitted by Ken, who said at once: "Patsy's here."

"I know," said Bertie. "'Lo, Patsy."

"Hello, Bertie. What luck?"

"I've taken a fine suite of offices," said Bertie, "in Carnegie Hall. But how about the other thing? Are congratulations in order?"

"Shut up, Bertie!" said Patsy.

"But I—I thought," blundered on Bertie, "now that you're not going to marry me, that you'd decided to—"

"Will you keep quiet?" snapped Patricia.

"Wait a minute," Ken intervened. "What's this about Patsy not marrying you?"

"That's right," Bertie said. "We got disengaged a week ago. I was sort of relieved, with all due respect to Patsy. You see, Ken," he proceeded with the tact and delicacy of a stone-crusher, "Patsy told me she wanted you for a wedding present, so naturally I thought she'd decided to marry you. I thought—"

"So that's it," said Ken. "That's what all the philanthropy was about. Just a scheme to gratify a rich girl's whim. I'm ashamed of you, Patricia."

The girl jumped up and faced him.

"I hate you!" she said. And with a blazing look at them both, she turned and stalked out of the room. She didn't forget to bang the door.

Bertie walked over to Ken and rather pathetically pawed his arm.

"Let's go out somewhere," said Bertie, "and eat something."

SEVERAL times during the evening, as they sat in a café partaking of refreshment, both solid and liquid, Ken repeated his expressions of regret as to Patricia's insincerity. "It's the money that does it," he said to Bertie. "Money makes for selfishness, and selfishness has no conscience. I'm glad I'm not cursed with money."

"You're cursed with twelve thousand a year," said Bertie.

"Oh!" said Ken. "Am I?"

"Yes. I've been trying to tell you that for months, but every time I've mentioned it you've said not to bother you. So you see, old boy, you've got enough to make you independent of Patsy, anyway."

"What do you mean—independent of Patsy? I *am* independent of her. I—"

"Oh, that's right. I'm sorry," apologized Bertie. "I forgot you were through with her. This Turkish coffee or something has gone to my head."

"Let's have another something," said Ken. . . .

It was after midnight when they reached the street. A pair of hoarse-voiced newsboys were crying an extra of the sensational picture-papers. Bertie bought one.

"Come on," urged Ken, as Bertie lingered under a street lamp. "What's the matter with you?"

"My sainted grandmother!" exploded Bertie. "It's Patsy!"

"Patsy? What—? How—? Where's Patsy?"

"In the jailhouse," said Bertie. "Look, Ken! 'Billionaire Beauty Pinched For Slugging Cop'!"

"For slugging cop?"

"For slugging cop. Now look, wait a minute. 'Story on page two.'"

Feverishly Bertie turned the page, with Ken assisting. Standing under the street light, they read that Miss Patricia Trask, beautiful and temperamental heiress, had been arrested and jailed for violently attacking a policeman. She had refused to summon aid or to furnish bail, saying that she wanted the experience of sleeping in a

(Continued on page 45)

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CRITICS

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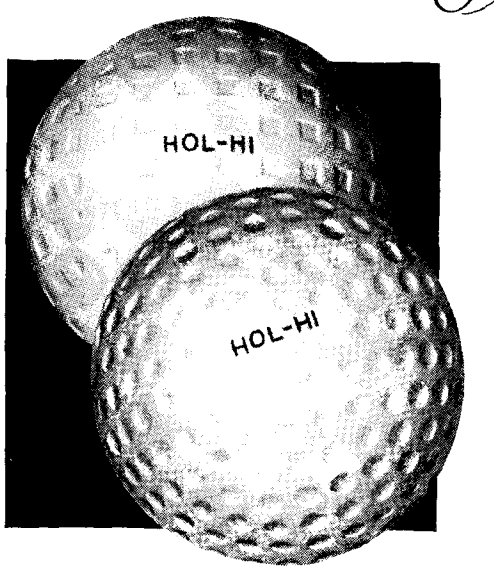

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Tall tumblers, dewy with frosty dampness, are at your elbows!

The city simmers—the stewing asphalt is soft underfoot—and even in the open country the listless leaves hang on the boughs as lifeless as the silhouetted canvas verdure of a stage-set. You know the sort of sizzling day we mean! It won't be long now—there will be many of them soon!

And then—what music in all the world will compare to the tinkle of ice-cubes tumbling into tall glasses, and the glorious gurgle of cool liquid-relief gushing from bottle-necks!

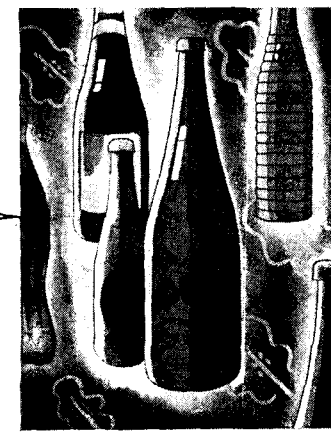
Help yourself! There have never been so many delicious thirst assuagers available as there are this season. Just turn the advertising pages of this month's magazines and see the bewildering array of beverages offered and be thankful for thirst!

Ginger Ales that splash a cooling promise at you with every bursting bubble! Icy orange drinks that leave a haunting aroma of blossom-time in their comforting wake! The flavorful tartness of fresh limes that sweeps away thirst as a sea-breeze sweeps away the heavy, humid atmosphere of a sultry August afternoon! Sparkling root beer with the kiss of cool, sequestered woodlands in every swallow! Clear spring waters with busy little bubbles chasing each other through their frigid crystal depths! Marvelous mixtures of unnameable flavor that leave you refreshed and grateful as you set down your empty glass!

Make sure that there are cases constantly in the cellar, this summer, and bottles constantly on ice—

And then sing, Oh! for hot weather, and help yourself! Tall tumblers, bedewed with frosty dampness, are at your elbows—

Here's your health and happiness!



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A Present for Patricia

Continued from page 42

cell. But as it happened, she was to be taken at once before a magistrate holding night court. Full report of the arraignment would be found in later editions of this paper. (Don't miss it!)

"'Don't miss it,'" read Ken aloud to the glittering night. "Come on, Bertie. Let's grab a taxi."

They arrived at the night court just in time to see Miss Patricia Trask, beautiful heiress, being escorted to the bar of justice by a court attendant, who had her by the arm. The room was crowded with newspaper men. Suddenly Ken whispered: "I know that guy!"

"What guy?" whispered back Bertie.

"The magistrate."

"Wave to him," said Bertie.

"Not yet," said Ken.

A TALL young cop had risen to be sworn. He stood informally at the bar and recounted under oath how Patsy had assaulted him. She had rushed up to him on a street corner and had demanded that he arrest a woman who was spanking her child. The cop had refused and Patsy had socked him on the nose. Then he had arrested her.

The magistrate leaned over his desk. He spoke sharply to Patricia.

"Young woman," he said, "had you been drinking?"

"No," answered Patsy. "I saw this woman beating her child, a little boy. She wasn't spanking him, she was beating him. A vile, evil-faced woman! I begged this officer to interfere. He laughed and told me to go along. I lost my temper. Nothing on earth infuriates me like seeing a child mistreated. I started toward the woman—I'd have scratched her eyes out!—and this big bully—" Patricia turned and glared at the cop—"put his hand on my shoulder. I was wild by that time, so I just swung around and slapped his face, like this!"

A sharp crack sounded throughout the court-room.

"My Lord!" groaned Bertie, clutching Ken's arm. "She's done it again!"

Mild pandemonium greeted Patsy's second assault upon the officer of the law. Spectators laughed. The magistrate pounded with his gavel. The clerk shouted: "Order! Order!"

Patricia looked confused and startled. She stood with her hand to her mouth, like a frightened child. "I didn't mean to do it!" she cried. "I don't know how it happened. Please excuse me."

The magistrate was furious.

"I'm going to send you to the Island!" he bellowed. "I don't care who you are! You have insulted the dignity of this court and besides the original charge against you I herewith adjudge you in contempt. Five hundred dollars fine and ten days imprisonment in—"

"Your Honor!" interrupted a clear voice from the front benches.

The magistrate paused, looked, and saw Ken walking toward him.

"Mr. Hollister!" he said. "What brings you here?"

"A matter of justice," said Ken. "This young lady is a friend of mine."

"Oh!" said the magistrate.

"Darling!" said Patricia.

"Shut up!" hissed Ken, out of the corner of his mouth.

He turned again to the Court.

"Your Honor," he said, "I am not an attorney, but I am thoroughly cognizant of the character of the prisoner at the bar, and therefore I respectfully request that you permit me to speak in her behalf."

"Proceed, Mr. Hollister," said the magistrate.

Ken drew a deep breath.

"May it please the Court," he began, solemnly. "This young woman has committed a technical offense against the law, and therefore deserves to pay a fine—which incidentally will be paid at once by my friend, Mr. Bertie Trowbridge, who is in court. But I implore Your Honor not to sentence this impulsive, but innocent, girl to a period of imprisonment in a common jail."

"Why not?" asked the magistrate.

"Because she doesn't deserve it," retorted Ken. "Your Honor, this young woman loves children. She adores children. In fact, she is about to found a society for the education and the spiritual development of children all over the world. Already she has given half a million dollars toward the accomplishment of this end, and she is prepared to give millions more."

"You don't say so!" said the magistrate.

"Yes, I do," said Ken.

"Darling!" murmured Patricia.

"Your Honor," went on Ken, in a gentler tone, "I ask you to consider the prisoner's own unhappy childhood. She was possessed of a great fortune, but she never knew love. She was brought up by a cruel guardian, a man of stern, unyielding nature, a man who—"

"It was my aunt," breathed Patricia.

"A man who never permitted her any of the simple pleasures of childhood," Ken continued loudly. "So that she has grown up with a passionate and sincere—I say sincere!—desire to defend other children, I mean all children, from oppression, cruelty and unhappiness. That desire, Your Honor, is the strongest element in her character. That is why she lost her temper this afternoon. That is why she struck this officer, who no doubt was a boy himself not so long ago—just as you and I were boys, Your Honor, *not so long ago!*"

AT KEN'S last words the magistrate started, gulped and looked a bit reminiscent.

"Mr. Hollister," he said, "the Court is pleased to accept your explanation of the prisoner's action. The term of imprisonment is remanded. The fine stands. You will arrange with the clerk of the court to pay it."

"Thank you, Your Honor," said Ken; and turning, he called: "Hey, Bertie!"

Bertie came forward.

"Gee!" he said. "I didn't think I'd get off with a wedding present this cheap!"

He paid Patricia's fine. Afterward, Patricia and Ken walked down the court-room aisle together, arm in arm. In the corridor they were stopped by a solid phalanx of reporters.

"Gentlemen," said Ken, "we will meet you all tomorrow morning at Carnegie Hall, in the offices of the Patricia Trask Foundation, of which I am president. As a matter of fact," he added, confidentially, "this whole episode is simply a publicity stunt to attract attention to Miss Trask's new charity. So the more you print about it, the better. Good night, gentlemen."

The reporters put away their pencils. If this was publicity, then it wasn't news. They beat it.

Ken and Patsy marched on down the corridor and out of the building into the deserted street. Dawn was just breaking in the eastern sky.

"Darling!" said Patricia, hugging his arm. "Where do we go from here?"

"I don't know," Ken said. "I don't care."

"Darling!" said Patricia.

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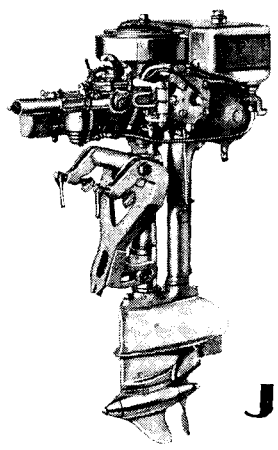

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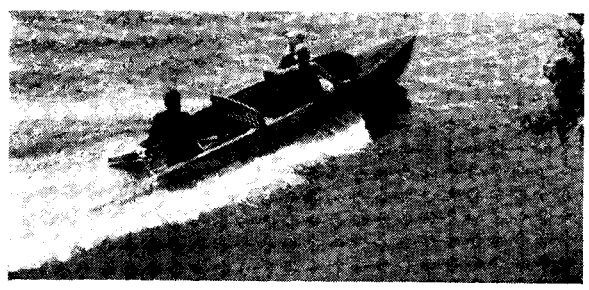

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The Last Margin

Continued from page 8

value it so highly as those who have started back of scratch. To me it represents ease and comfort but not power. While redwood, fir, white and sugar pine manufacturers are suffering from overproduction and the ruinous competition of little jerk-water sawmills that haven't much capital investment on which they must show a profit, the white cedar barons can all sit down in my private office and talk things over."

"Combination in restraint of trade, eh?" barked Phineas.

"Oh, nothing so coarse and illegal as that. I just tell the other fellows what I'll do if they start cutting prices and monkeying with the evils of overproduction. I'm the biggest frog in the white cedar puddle; I own all of the waterfront on Umpqua Bay and will not sell any mill sites, and I do not worry about that government timber in back of my holdings because all the timber there wouldn't justify the cost of building a logging road into that broken country, not to mention the cost of maintaining it."

"You're smarter'n I thought you were," said old Phineas.

When Marjory returned after her two weeks' absence, Thomas B. Drake observed that she was wearing on the third finger of her left hand a square emerald of a size that appeals only to rich young men violently in love.

THE conversation wasn't so sprightly that day. Mr. Drake had a feeling that he had traded his heart for a frozen cobblestone; once he felt a faint twinge of regret for not having sued this complacent young woman for heavy damages; it seemed to him that, in view of his readiness to accept her buccaneer of a dad as his father-in-law, the girl might at least have given him what is colloquially described as a tumble. Somehow he felt betrayed, despoiled, abandoned, and finally, to get rid of the nastiness accumulating in him he said:

"I see you've acquired a perfect knuckle-duster of a ring. You didn't have it on your previous visits, so I suppose while I was lying here, helpless because of your act, you went and got yourself engaged to somebody."

"Do you mind?" Marjory demanded sweetly but with repressed eagerness.

"Naturally. I was going to ask you to marry me as soon as I should be able to limp to the altar."

"I'm sorry you feel that way about me, Mr. Drake. I was engaged to be married before I met you."

"So you feel you must go through with it, eh?"

"My promise is given."

"Could I induce you to reconsider?"

She shook her wondrous copper-hued head and appeared very demure.

"How old is he?"

"Twenty-four."

Thomas B. Drake groaned: "What does he do?"

"Nothing. His mother is very rich."

"Oh! So mother bought the ring."

"Mr. Drake, aren't you getting the least bit unpleasant? After all, this is none of your business, you know."

"I'm sorry. You're right. If you hadn't met this soft-boiled egg before you put me to bed, do you think you might have been able to work up a healthy interest in me?"

"I think you're a dear. I think you're kind and good-natured and tolerant and smart and terribly good-looking, but—"

"Of course I might walk all bent over and be bow-legged and nag old waiters and taxi drivers—for all you know to the contrary. But—I'm not and I do not. And I work. I handle the tools my forebears bequeathed me and I keep them sharp. I could refer you to your father for my financial rating."

"I'm sorry," said Marjory, hastily rising, "but I must go now."

"Good-by," said Thomas B. Drake sadly. "I wish I'd never met you and I wish you a frightful lot of happiness with that boy you're going to raise. Is he an only son?"

Marjory nodded.

"That will make the situation a trifle binding, I fear. The only sons of rich parents are, quite usually, spoiled beyond hope of salvage, and selfish as pigs. And when they have nothing to do they get into mischief. Marjory, I think you would do well to chuck this boy and take on a solid, mature old wheel horse. I'm only thirty-two."

"YOU were an only son, weren't you—and the son of a rich father?"

"True, but until I inherited my father's estate I worked for every nickel I ever spent. I was not permitted to waste four precious years trying to learn, in college, things irrelevant and immaterial to the white cedar lumber business.

"When I graduated from Exeter the old man staked me to a double-bitted axe and a three-dollar-a-day chopping job in the woods. He made me know every department of his business, not theoretically but actually, from experience, before he admitted me to a partnership. Any time I spoke or acted out of my turn he'd give me a cuff on the ear that made my head ring like a Chinese gong."

"And you'd be a slave driver just like him. No, I wouldn't consider jilting my man for you, Mr. Drake. You're very nice and quite a grand person, but I'm going to leave you for some other girl."

"You're not going to do anything of the sort, because I'll not be bothered with any other girl. You're my first real love, the first girl I've ever asked to marry me, and you'll be the last."

"I suppose," said Marjory, eying him as she drew on her gloves, "girls are standing in line waiting for you to ask them."

"I'm an eligible bachelor and for that I get hazed around a lot. I'm sick of it. I want to settle down—to get away from the scheming old mothers."

Marjory burst out laughing, stooped over the bed and implanted on his alabaster brow a light and fragrant kiss. "Good-by it is, then, Tommy, old settler. I'd love to be friends with you but you're no subject for a platonic friendship. Are you still resolved not to accept payment for all the damage I inflicted on you? I'm twenty years old and my father would be held responsible for the payment of any judgment you would get against me if you sued. Dad can afford a liberal settlement."

"Take a jump in the bay," Thomas B. Drake growled, and turned his face away from her. As she was going out of the door he yelled: "If you ever need a friend, send for me. I'm never going to forget you. That's final."

Her tinkling laughter floated back to him over the transom.

THE action of the foregoing story of Thomas B. Drake's futile first love occurred back in the days of that period of national opulence now known to history as Before the Crash. When the post-war deflation period had descended upon the country in 1921 it had found Thomas B. Drake's father with about a half-million in cash on hand and this he had invested in sound securities at bed-rock prices; as the market commenced to recover and the old man realized the huge profits to be made during the succeeding few years—profits that would far transcend those to be made

"Don't be silly—sure I like you" *Gilbert Bundy*

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from his lumber and shipping business—he had floated a bond issue of a million and a half on the assets of his company. He was enabled to show a very excellent statement of earnings over a long period of years and the bonds were underwritten at ninety-five.

With twelve hundred thousand dollars in cash, Thomas B.'s father had gone further into the market. By 1926 every dollar he had invested had appreciated tremendously, some of his securities having quadrupled in value. Then the old man had died.

While his estate was being probated the market continued to soar and when, eventually, the estate was closed and passed into the hands of Thomas B., that individual's first act was one of remarkable sanity, considering the almost universal trend of the day. He was one of the few investors who could see danger in any stock which was being traded in feverishly at a price that represented a dividend-earning capacity of one per cent or less. These mad antics he appraised for exactly what they were—speculation, the gambling spirit gone wild.

THE thought of the huge income taxes he would have to pay if he sold and took his profits did not appall him, for there was a singularly strong streak of common sense and courage in Thomas B. He sold, therefore, paid his soul-wrecking income taxes and promptly tossed every dollar of profit and most of his principal back into the market, selling a long list of high-priced securities short on a twenty-five-per-cent margin.

Such an impossible and disordered economic situation, he told himself, could not last. Events, of course, proved him right, but—they were two years arriving and during those two years soaring prices set Thomas B. Drake's remarkably sound reason tottering on its throne.

He dared not leave town for fear his brokers would call him up for more margin and sell him out if he didn't produce it promptly. He shot away the surplus of the Drake White Cedar Lumber Company; he solicited and accepted so much new business that he had to keep his mill on a twenty-four-hour shift, and he cut prices and gave additional discounts in order to get cash and get it promptly. He borrowed to the limit of his personal and company credit, reserving only sufficient funds to meet interest and amortization on his bonded indebtedness.

This payment fell due on July 1, 1929, and simultaneously his brokers called him for an additional hundred-thousand-dollar margin. He was pretty desperate, for he knew he had gone as far as he could, and he had to decide on letting his brokers sell him out and taking a loss of about four million dollars, or using the interest and amortization money to support his trades in the market, thus permitting a default on the bonded indebtedness of the Drake White Cedar Lumber Company. Whatever decision he arrived at, he was bound either to lose the lumber company or the money he had invested in the market.

He got out the copy of the deed of trust that secured the bond issue. Under its terms the bondholders could not foreclose until after he had been in default sixty days. The bank that acted as trustee would, of course, notify the bondholders the day after the interest should be in default, and in all probability get them together and form a bondholders protective committee, to be in readiness to act if the default continued more than sixty days. Under the terms of the deed of trust they could then elect a receiver for the property and eject Thomas B. Drake, since they had the right to foreclose or operate the company, whichever course might appear wiser to them. They would decide to operate it, of course, meanwhile casting about for somebody to buy it for the amount of the defaulted bonds and thus get them out of the picture without loss. None of those bondholders were lumbermen. They were investors and far from wishful to adventure into the lumber business.

"This abnormal market condition *cannot* last more than ninety days," Thomas B. decided. "It just isn't human. I'm in the frying pan and I might as well leap into the fire."

The bonds of the Drake White Cedar Lumber Company, redeemable at 102 and selling at ninety-nine and a quarter, dropped to ninety within a week after the interest default, but the market continued to soar and Thomas B. Drake fed his funds into it in driblets in order to have twenty-five-per-cent margin up at all times and keep his trades sweet.

On September first a bondholders protective committee met and appointed as receiver for the Drake White Cedar Lumber Company none other than old Phineas Borden. He appeared at the office, armed with an official notice from the trustee bank, as per the terms of the trust agreement.

"Well, you've fluffed things," old Phineas barked, "and for your information, I'm all the bondholders. I figgered you was in the market an' that it would bust you, so I been picking up your bonds for months. Thirty days from now the trustee will give me a deed an' bills o' sale to all o' your company assets in return for 'em. Meanwhile I'll just reduce the overhead by cuttin' you off the pay roll."

Thomas B. Drake walked out with his head in the air. Seemingly it was the only thing he could do that didn't cost him money. And he had definitely abandoned the thought that one day he would marry and, if the fates so willed, father a son to carry on the business of that son's great-grandfather!

On October first he walked in on the vice president in charge of trusts in the bank that was trustee under the deed of trust given by his father. "Have the bondholders instructed you to advertise the sale of the Drake White Cedar Lumber Company?" he asked.

"No, not as yet," was the answer.

ON THE fifth of October no advertisement had appeared, nor yet on the tenth—and then Thomas B. Drake began to smell a mouse. Old Phineas Borden—the pirate—was up to his neck in the market, too, and in order to provide himself with funds to speculate (or gamble) he had pledged his bonds as security to some bank for a loan.

Hitherto Drake had never bothered to investigate old Phineas, but he decided to do so now, while he had the money and could afford it. So he asked a mercantile agency to get him a report, while a detective agency ran the old man down in Michigan and secured all possible information as to his assets and liabilities in that state.

Within a week he knew that Phineas Borden had sold all of his properties in Michigan and no longer had an account at the bank he formerly had done business with there. The mercantile agency got nowhere, Phineas Borden refusing to divulge any information regarding his assets and liabilities.

"Well, that means he couldn't give a very sweet statement at this time," Thomas B. Drake decided. "No news is bad news. And I daresay he has borrowed on his bonds from a local bank. If, since he became receiver for my company, he has switched the company's bank account to some other bank, that will be the bank that has

(Continued on page 48)

BEHIND HIS BACK
.... by ALBERT DORNE
LET'S NOT INVITE HIM AGAIN
NO! "B.O." IS UNPARDONABLE
SHALL WE GIVE HIM THE JOB?
NO! HE SEEMS A BRIGHT CHAP BUT I CAN'T OVERLOOK A FAULT LIKE "B.O."
SOMEONE REALLY OUGHT TO WARN HIM ABOUT "B.O."
I KNOW, BUT IT'S A DELICATE SUBJECT I WISH HE'D USE LIFEBUOY
SO THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE SAYING BEHIND MY BACK! I'D BETTER GET BUSY
LIFEBUOY IS ONE FINE SOAP, BELIEVE ME. NEVER FELT SO CLEAN IN ALL MY LIFE BEFORE!
NO "B.O." (BODY ODOR) NOW — and what a difference!
LUCKY FELLOW! EVERYBODY LIKES HIM
YES AND HE'S JUST HAD ANOTHER PROMOTION AT THE OFFICE

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Write for free catalog illustrating many models (as low as $90). Sporting types; big, fast, all-wood, seaworthy boats for family use. Also dinghies; rowboats; canoes. Old Town Canoe Co., 346 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

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The BASSICK CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

Bassick
NoMAR Furniture Rests

(Continued from page 47)

extended him credit, the bank he would like to favor with a new account—in fact, the bank that would order him so to favor it!"

He met his old bookkeeper coming out to luncheon and from him learned that the company bank account had been given to the Second Federal Commercial Trust & Savings Bank. "So they're holding the sack," he exulted. "Good. That old shark hasn't sufficient cash money to take up his note and redeem his bonds, and he dare not advertise my company for sale until he has the bonds back in his possession."

A subtle peace descended upon Thomas B. Drake, despite the fact that he had less than a thousand dollars left in the world and at any moment might be called to add to his already swollen margin account. . . .

ONE day, after he had left the customers' room in a Montgomery Street brokerage house he bumped into Marjory Borden. Greetings over Marjory said: "I have it on what I regard as good authority that you have been busted higher than Kilderoy's kite."

He grinned and managed rather a good job of it at that. "Well, your unpleasant father is sitting in at my desk and directing the affairs of the Drake White Cedar Lumber Company as receiver for the bondholders, which are him. However, he hasn't advertised my company for sale, as he promised me he would do, so I hazard the opinion he's having his troubles, too. I'd bet a cookie he's up to his hairy old ears in the market."

"He is," Marjory replied smilingly.

"Is he buying or selling?"

"Buying, of course."

"Well, I'm up to my eyebrows in the market, too, only I sold short."

"Are you able to maintain your margins?" she queried.

"Thus far I have been. But today I'm through. I've realized on everything I have, and my creditors are hazing me around and threatening to file against me a petition in involuntary bankruptcy."

"And if the market should go up—what then?"

"I'd be called for about twenty thousand dollars I haven't got."

"Aren't you terribly frightened, Mr. Drake?"

"Rather. I'm shy on sleep."

"Come with me," she ordered and led him into the Second Federal Commercial Trust & Savings Bank, where she drew her check for twenty thousand dollars to his order. "You could have settled with the Borden family for that because of the smashing-up I inflicted upon you two years ago," she declared. "You were a grand old sport about that—the best ever—and you *did* suffer. You were mighty nice, Tommy Drake, so take this check and hold it against a rainy day."

"But I can't do this," he protested. "I have never borrowed from a woman."

"Take this check or I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

He eyed the check as if he expected it to burn his fingers. And then he noticed something. It was signed Marjory Borden.

"Aren't you married?" he demanded.

"You happened to be right about that boy," she confessed. "He jilted me to marry a girl whose father has always given her everything she wanted."

"Of course you know I still love you," Thomas B. Drake blurted out. "I've thought of you a dozen times a day!"

"Well, if you still love me, take that check," she admonished. He was resolved not to, but at that moment old Phineas rolled into the bank and Marjory joined him instantly. Inasmuch as Thomas B. would rather have met Satan than Old Man Borden, he tucked Marjory's check in his pocket and departed.

On October twentieth he was called upon to put up sixteen thousand dollars more margin. He was short on Trans-America, that being one stock he felt convinced would slide to glory whenever the plug was pulled. With a very heavy heart he deposited Marjory's check. And on October 29th the plug was pulled. Overnight Trans-America dropped sixty points; the other stocks he was carrying dropped from thirty to forty. At the close of the local stock exchange Thomas B. noticed that somebody had sold one hundred Drake White Cedar Lumber Company bonds at 65.

He closed out all his trades, took his profit and within the week had banked eight-million-odd dollars.

"I imagine the going is pretty slippery for old Phineas Borden," he decided. "Unless he sold before the market broke he must have sustained a terrific loss, and the Second Federal must be hounding him to put up more collateral to sweeten his note or reduce the principal. If he hasn't done either, they'll sell him out. They will not take chances."

He gave his broker an order to buy all Drake bonds offered on the local exchange and the picking-up process commenced immediately. By November first he had every bond of the issue in his possession and they had cost him about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So he strolled over to the Second Federal Commercial Trust & Savings Bank, turned the bonds in to the trustee for cancellation and received from the trustee a receipt and the promise next day of a formal satisfaction of the deed of trust.

FROM the bank he strolled down California Street to the office of the Drake White Cedar Lumber Company. Phineas Borden, looking pea-green and miserable, swung around from Thomas B.'s old desk and glared at him.

"Well, what do you want?" he growled.

"Just ordinary civility and not much of that, Mr. Borden." He laid before old Phineas the receipt the trustee had given him for the bonds. "Read that and weep," he begged. "Your bank sold you out. I'm the bondholders now and I am about to go into executive session. It is regularly moved and seconded that Mr. Phineas Borden be, and he is hereby, fired as receiver for the bondholders of the Drake White Cedar Lumber Company. All those in favor will signify by saying 'Aye.' All those contrary-minded will signify by saying 'No!' I vote 'Aye,' so the ayes have it and you're fired."

Old Phineas stared at him for a minute, then his chin commenced to quiver and tears formed in his glittering, greedy eyes. "You win," he quavered. "I'm cleaned. I owe half a million dollars more than I can pay, and tomorrow three banks will file against me a petition in involuntary bankruptcy. It's pretty hard on a man of my age—"

"Oh, say not so," Thomas B. Drake interrupted. "Give me a list of your debts and I'll write checks to cover them."

Old Phineas looked up and past him and scowled; Thomas B. turned his head and beheld Marjory standing in the doorway. "You run along, Marjory," her father counseled. "Mr. Drake and I are in conference."

"Don't you do anything of the sort, Marjory," the said Drake told her. "This is my office and he has no right to order you out of it. Marjory, I am in position to support you in the style to which you have been accustomed, and might even be induced to improve on that." He stood up and bowed to her. "I have the honor to request your hand in marriage. Now, what do you think about that?"

SHE came over to him, placed both hands on his shoulders and looked at him long and searchingly. "Yes, I'll marry you," she said finally. "You're even a better sport than I thought you were. And here's an additional bit of news: I love you. I love you to death and have for two years, and you're a single-minded jackass not to have known it long ago."

Thomas B. Drake gathered her to his bosom and kissed the red lips and the hair that resembled copper shavings. "Darling," he murmured, "I'm all fagged out. I need a rest. So I'm going to make your dad my general manager. He can look after the business on a salary that will enable him to show a bright and shining face to the world, while you and I take a year off for our honeymoon. What do you think of that idea?"

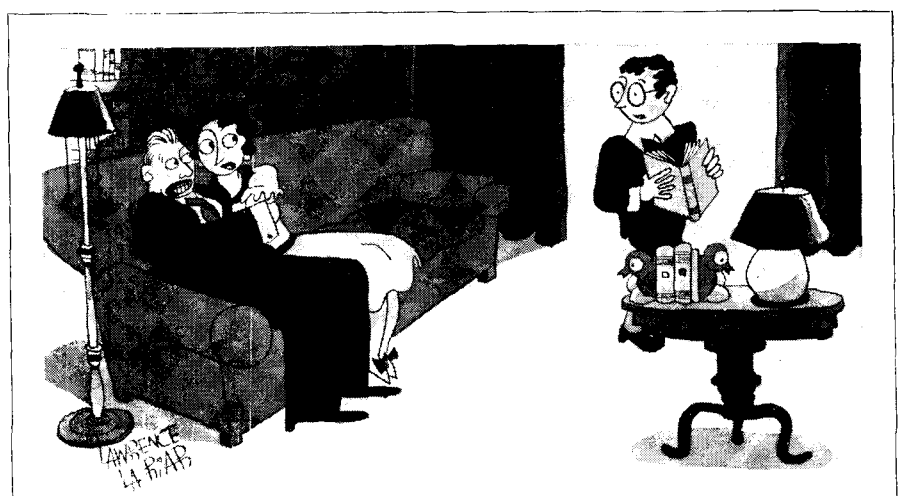
"It's Jake with me," said Marjory. She put her lips to his ear:

"You're such a boob, darling. Even when I gave you that check you didn't realize I did it because I loved you. And I was overdrawn at the time. You can't begin to imagine what a job I had prying the money out of father. He almost fainted, but I told him I'd issued my check and in this state it's a felony knowingly to issue a check without sufficient funds."

"And did you tell him you'd issued the check to me in settlement of injuries inflicted upon me?"

"Yes. I had to, sweet, otherwise he wouldn't have covered it. He was frightened. Thought you'd send his only child to jail—blackmail him until he couldn't call his soul his own." She laid her head on his breast and laughed until she wept.

"If you hadn't done that," he told her soberly, "we would all have been sent to the cleaner. At that, I never dreamed I'd marry a blackmailer!"



"Do you folks mind if I just browse a bit?" *Lawrence Le Riar*

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In Morocco, a wealthy chief of a large nomad tribe having 15,000 horsemen can neither read nor write and, moreover, he is never going to master these talents. They are, he states, too effeminate for a real leader of men.

About 2,000 years ago, the Celts of Europe believed so strongly in immortality that they would often lend money with the understanding that it was to be repaid in the next world.

Legal-aid societies, which provide free advice and counsel for those who cannot afford lawyers, now have offices in 43 American cities and handle about 170,000 cases each year.

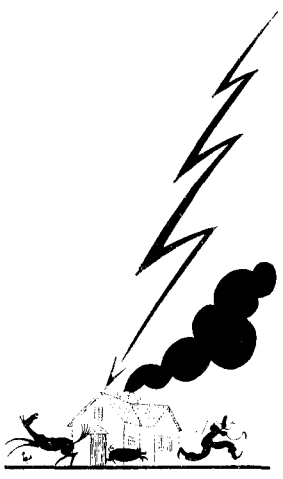
Biologists now are able successfully to interchange the heads of living insects, and also make a long worm out of two short ones by cutting one in two and grafting the body of another between the two halves.

Nepal, the little Asiatic kingdom that is smaller than Michigan, has a ruler — or maharaja — who has so many plain and fancy titles that it takes two days and two nights to recite all of them.

The United States and Switzerland are the only two prominent governments in the world today that do not award medals and decorations for achievements in the arts and sciences.

Among the Druses in the Syrian mountains, little girls start using make-up at about two years of age. It is not uncommon to see them on festive occasions with their faces painted, eyelids blackened, hair decorated with jewels and coins and their fingernails stained with henna.

An ingenious apparatus recently perfected enables a blind person to read the ordinary type in books, magazines and newspapers. It raises each letter on a "touch panel" by the use of a light, lens, photo-electric cells, electromagnet and touch points.



Out of every 1,000 buildings that are struck by lightning in the United States each year, approximately 850 are farm structures and less than 20 are protected by lightning rods.

The Great Temple of Horus at Edfu, Egypt, is today the best preserved building of antiquity. Begun by one of the Ptolemies more than 2,000 years ago, this magnificent structure, which is built of sandstone, stands in almost perfect condition.

The members of the House of Commons, London, must remove their hats when coming in, going out or making a speech. In short, whenever they are on their feet. But when seated, hats are worn.

Since the beginning of type-printing in 1450, about 16,000,000 different books have been written and published throughout the world. But even the largest library in existence, the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, does not possess one quarter of them.

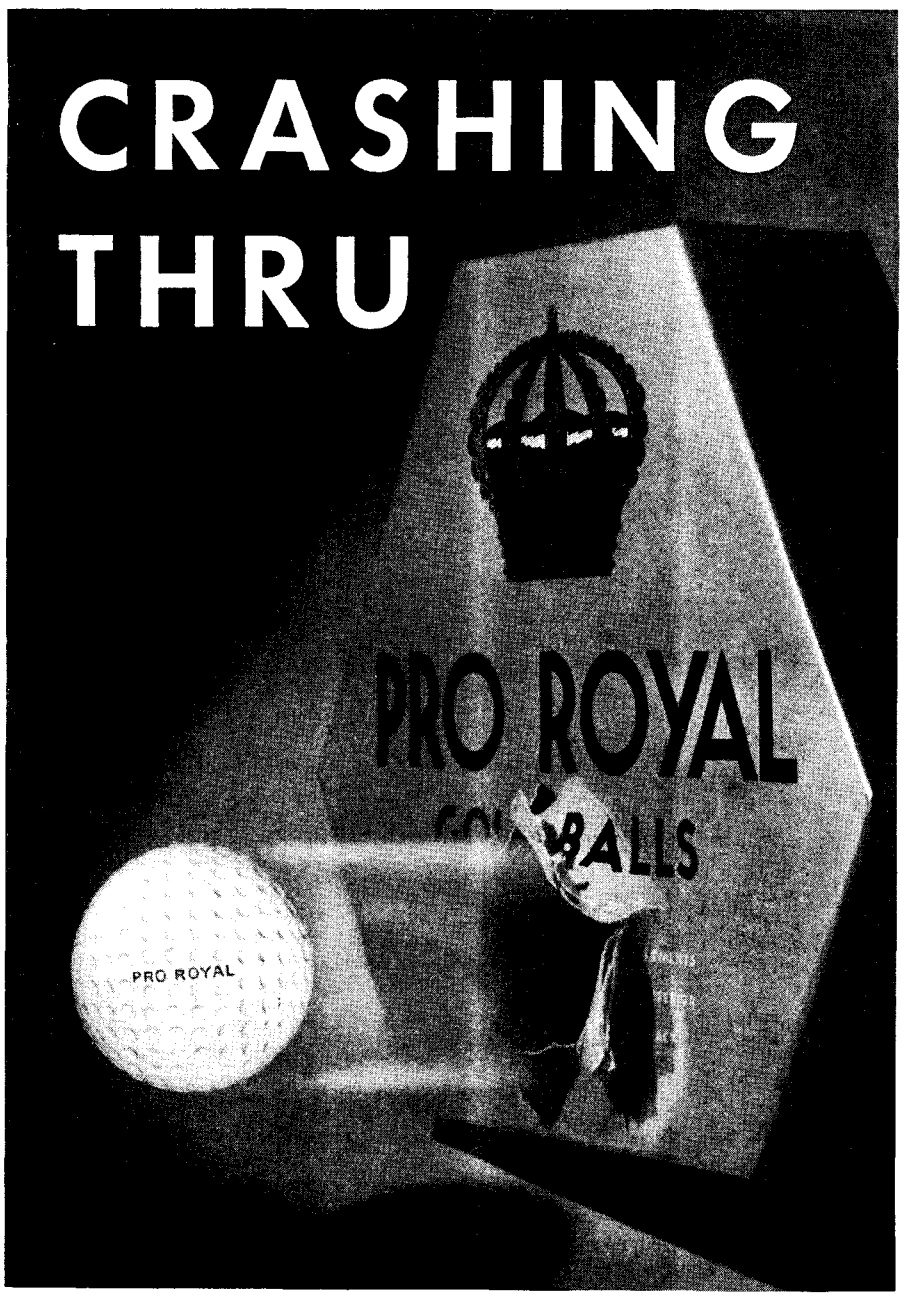
London's big radio station gratuitously broadcasts a weekly average of 20 urgent calls for individuals, such as those needed by dying relatives, witnesses to accidents and persons wanted by the police.

On some of the rough roads through the African forests today, it is not only impossible to see six feet into the undergrowth on either side, but heavy wagons loaded with supplies sometimes require 25 pairs of oxen to get them through.

Among the thousands of things used in "foretelling future events" are: tea leaves, lamps, clouds, crystals, keys, cards, water, dreams, stars, smoke, mirrors, flour and the livers of animals.

On the peaceful Isle of Man in the Irish Sea the age-old custom of reading the laws to the citizens still takes place every 5th of July. The fact that these laws can be read in one day probably accounts for the unusually strict law observance of these people.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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- "U. S." NOBBY — 3 good balls for $1, or 35¢ each.
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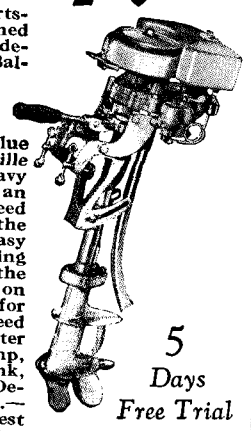

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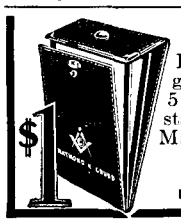

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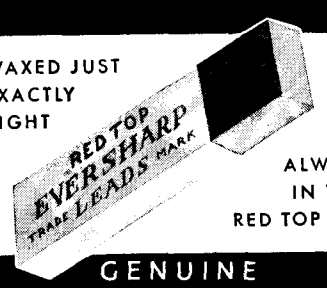

ALWAYS IN THE RED TOP BOX

GENUINE EVERSHARP LEADS for pencils

The Tenth Year

Continued from page 22

tremely sarcastic remarks. Commenting on Mussolini's statement that only 2,000 Italians were opposed to him and his régime, Sforza called attention to another statement, made by Mussolini soon afterward, that there were in Italy 60,000 policemen, 20,000 police commissaries, 30,000 Fascists permanently enrolled in the Mussolinian militia and 250,000 militiamen liable to instant summons to arms. Their equipment, according to the dictator, included 774 motor cars, 290 motor trucks, 198 motorcycles, 48 motor boats and 12,000 bicycles.

"A somewhat disproportionate force," dryly observed Sforza, "to array against 2,000 opponents."

Covert Sneers

He added that the expenses of maintaining Italy's police force had become six times as great, after Mussolini had been six years in power, as they had been when he marched on Rome and seized control of the Italian government.

Despite the iron hand of authority threatening to throttle every sign of opposition and disrespect toward Italy's Fascist masters, the mischievous wit for which Italians are renowned still asserts itself in Italy and the national craving to lampoon and caricature even the most serious things remains irrepressible.

The dictator's immense sense of his own importance and the greatness of his achievements—to appreciate it, all one need do is read a few pages of his autobiography—is the target for many irreverent flings. These are retailed over café tables in Italian cities, amid approving chuckles and smiles—yet in hushed tones, for it is always possible that, at a near-by table, there may be a hundred-per-cent Fascist.

Now and then, even in these days of Fascism first, last and all the time in Italy, one may actually see, on the walls of buildings in Italian cities, scribblings disrespectful to the Mussolinian régime. Almost as soon as they are scribbled they are rubbed out as thoroughly as possible by some outraged Fascist; but, nevertheless, some of them remain legible and testify to an undercurrent of dissatisfaction which even Mussolini's drastic attempts to eradicate opposition have been unable to stem.

But such things are few and far between in present-day Italy.

Nevertheless, certain happenings during the ten years of his régime have taught Mussolini that he cannot move about the land with impunity. Attempts to assassinate him have made him cautious; he prefers residence in Rome, where Fascists are most numerous, to sojourns in other Italian cities.

He is especially averse to visiting Southern Italy. Naples and other centers there have never yielded to Fascism as thoroughly as regions farther north. This is particularly true of Sicily, that rugged and lawless island which has always resented attempts by Italians of the mainland to establish their authority. In Sicily, if anywhere in Italy, anti-Fascism dares to show itself—albeit cautiously—and speak its mind—albeit in low tones.

Though Mussolini has ruled over Italy for ten years, he has never visited Sicily. And the last time he ventured as far south as Naples, he embarked from a port near Rome on a yacht and returned by the water route. This he deemed safer than to go by land. Part of the land route runs through lonely tracts, where desperate men might attempt holding up a car or bombing a train with a good chance of success.

Among Italians abroad, plotting against Fascism is carried on ceaselessly. The most active conspirators among anti-Fascist exiles from their homes are those now marooned in Paris.

Most of them live in or near the Rue St. Denis, leading from the Boulevards through the heart of the Faubourg St. Denis. In that vicinity there are cafés where Italian is heard more often than French, where the air is thick with Italian swear-words hurled against Mussolini and all that he represents.

In the Rue St. Denis anti-Fascist newspapers are printed in Italian. In cafés, leaders of the anti-Fascist colony of Paris prepare flaming denunciations of Mussolini and Mussolinism with which subordinate anti-Fascists hurry off to near-by printing offices, whence these denunciations issue later in pamphlet form, to be circulated in thousands of copies. Many of these pamphlets are smuggled into Italy, despite watchful Fascists at the frontiers.

Another activity to which Paris anti-Fascists devote much time and ingenuity is the smuggling out of Italy of foes of Mussolini. They have created a regular "underground railroad," like that whereby fugitive slaves were spirited out of our southern states in pre-Abolition days.

One of the most sensational escapes from Italy was that of young Nitti, nephew of the Italian ex-Premier Francesco Nitti—the latter is, by the way, one of the leading members of the little band of exiled anti-Fascists now living in Paris. The nephew had been condemned, like many other foes of Mussolini, to a term of imprisonment in the Lipari Islands, the "Devil's Island" of Fascist Italy. After weeks of plotting, young Nitti, with a few comrades, got past his guards and embarked in a small boat. After a series of thrilling adventures they succeeded in landing at a French port. Now the young man, like his distinguished uncle, is impatiently waiting in Paris for Mussolini to run his course.

Waiting for Their Chance

Ex-Premier Nitti, like other anti-Fascist exiles, feels that things have not been going quite as well with Mussolini recently as during the earlier part of his first decade of power in Italy. Though plotting on Italian territory against the dictator has not made much headway, they feel that discontent there is growing to such an extent that something serious may happen at any moment.

Their policy may be summed up as one of "watchful waiting." They give full credit to Mussolini's police system—especially to his secret police, which they rank in efficiency with the dread Russian Cheka. But they feel convinced that, should Mussolini die or be obliged for some other reason to relinquish his position of autocrat of Fascist Italy, discord within the Fascist party, combined with the elements of dissatisfaction becoming constantly more apparent among Italians, will soon bring the whole Fascist structure to the ground, thus paving the way for the return of Italy to a democratic form of government.

As Nitti put it to me at his place of exile in Paris:

"Either Fascism will collapse soon, without much bloodshed, or—if it manages to survive for some time yet—it will be destroyed by a violent revolt, accompanied by a great deal of bloodshed. Every day the forces arrayed against it are growing stronger."

The average foreigner visiting Italy, in this tenth year of Fascism, will be quite ready to subscribe to the assertion that Benito Mussolini is one of the most extraordinary men of this post-war era. He will agree cheerfully that Mussolini is the most successful of dictators; that he has created one of the most efficient machines in the world for the enforcement of dictatorship. That much is sure to strike the eye of anybody not hopelessly prejudiced against Mussolini and Mussolinism.

To deny to Fascism's dominating personality masterful capacity for leadership and consummate ability in welding together an organization for the carrying out of his orders, is to challenge self-evident facts. To withhold from him praise for the way he has arrayed for instead of against him two of the most powerful forces in Italy—the monarchy, as personified in the immensely popular House of Savoy, to which King Victor Emmanuel III belongs, and the Roman Catholic Church—is to yield far too much to blind prejudice.

Historical Achievement

There have been differences between the King and "Il Duce;" never, though, have they grown into open hostility. Similarly, in his relations with Pope Pius XI, there have been moments of heated dispute, in which the Pope has used toward the overlord of Italy a tone such as has not been adopted for years by any other Italian on Italian soil. Yet the fact remains that, in concluding the recent Lateran Treaty with the Pope, Mussolini has really put an end to the impossible state of latent warfare existing between the Vatican and the Italian government.

It is also futile to deny that, under Fascism, Italy has improved greatly in a material sense. There is more behind the boast "Italian trains run on time!" than mere blatant pro-Fascism. If paraphrased into "Italy runs on time!" it may be taken to typify the entire material side of Mussolini's success. Italy does run on time—one gets a feeling there now, of which there was no counterpart ten years ago, of orderliness, of governmental efficiency, of a strong hand in control. To deny that is useless.

When, however, ardent admirers of Fascism begin to claim for it well-nigh divine merits, to speak of its future as if it were destined, beyond the possibility of doubt, to a longevity of power without parallel in the history of political parties, many a listener is inclined to shake a skeptical head. Despite furious arguments from those who insist that Fascism is not a mere dictatorial régime, dependent on an amazingly successful dictator, but also all sorts of other solemn, awesome things—a philosophy, a religion, an entirely new conception of government, the world's only road to salvation, the panacea for human ills, etc., etc.—these skeptics cannot help feeling a slight tickling at the root of their sense of humor.

Somehow, they cannot rid themselves of the belief that Fascism is Mussolini and Mussolini Fascism. They can readily imagine that Mussolini might have governed Italy during these last ten years without the Fascisti; on the other hand, they find it difficult to imagine the Fascisti governing Italy for ten years without Mussolini. And, in this persistently recurring skepticism,

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there is an ironical fact, which—if Mussolini had a sense of humor—would surely make him smile: the fact that it has been his destiny to stand forth as the most vivid individual in the world, yet at the same time as the creator of the political machine which most drastically curbs the rights of the individual.

Benito Mussolini is constantly compared with Napoleon Bonaparte. The comparison is justifiable.

Mussolini acts with an energy as ruthless as that of the Corsican. He strides toward his goals with the same contempt for obstacles, the same success in surmounting them. He stands out in the same way from those around him; his vital individuality has impressed itself similarly on his epoch and bids fair to remain impressed, like Napoleon's, on the consciousness of human beings of coming epochs.

Irrespective of the ultimate value to Italy and the rest of the world of his beliefs and actions, irrespective of whether the final word to be written in the record of Mussolini is "victory" or "defeat," it is a fair guess that nothing yet to be inscribed in that record can oust him from a place in the company of those who have most greatly dared.

But what of Napoleonism, counterpart of Mussolinism? What of the superb machine built up by Napoleon? In the form of a French people galvanized through idolatry toward an individual into an irresistible force, it brought to France years of victory and glory and supremacy on the continent of Europe. It brought her the laurels of Wagram and Austerlitz; yet in Wagram and Austerlitz lay the seeds of Leipzig and Waterloo. It enabled French armies to humble the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia; yet, but a short time after the humiliation of their sovereigns, Austrian and Russian and Prussian soldiers victoriously trod the soil of France and triumphantly paraded the streets of Paris.

Napoleon, by the sheer force of his individuality and genius, was destined to stand out as a superman even in defeat at Waterloo, even in exile at St. Helena, even after inexorable research had probed into his every thought and act long after he had been buried. But what of Napoleonism? For France, the ultimate fruits of Wagram and Austerlitz, of ultimatums haughtily delivered in enemy capitals by a conquering French power, were exhaustion and impoverishment and enemy garrisons in French towns. Napoleon, the man, still lived in the imagination of mankind; but Napoleonism, the thing which he had created, was dead.

The Future of a System

Fate may deal in the same way with Mussolini and Mussolinism.

"Fascism is the soul of Italy!" boasts Mussolini. "Fascism is immortal!" But his enemies retort—openly, while they conspire in the cafés of Paris; under their breaths, while they sulk in their Italian homes—"Fascism is Mussolini! And Mussolini is mortal!"

Meanwhile, he runs Italy more autocratically than ever. The sun of success still shines brightly upon him. Fortune remains as lavish as ever in her generosity toward him.

But—every day that passes brings him nearer to the end of his life. And every day less of life for him (say hopeful foes and worried friends) is one day less of life for the wonderful political machine which (they cannot help believing) he alone can operate.

Mussolini and Mussolinism—Plus or Minus?

As "Anno X" goes upon its way, as preparations multiply for the celebrations of the tenth anniversary of Mussolini's march on Rome, it becomes more evident to many people that the correct answer to that question is:

Mussolini, plus. Mussolinism, minus.

The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 21

I, my dear Smith, could go one better."

He pointed to a battered leather suitcase lying on a chair, and began to laugh in his own boisterous fashion.

"I travel light, Smith!" he cried, "but my baggage is valuable!"

None of us responded to his mood, and Sir Denis stared at him very coldly.

"When is Ali Mahmoud due in Cairo?" he asked.

That queer question was so unexpected that I turned and stared at the speaker. The chief appeared to be quite taken aback; and:

"He'll do well if he's here with the heavy kit in four days," he replied. "But why do you ask, Smith?"

NAYLAND SMITH snapped his fingers irritably and began to walk up and down again.

"I should have thought, Barton," he snapped, "that we knew one another well enough to have shared confidences."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. If it conveys nothing—forget it!"

"I shan't forget it," said the chief loweringly, his tufted brows drawn together. "But I shall continue to conduct my own affairs in my own way."

"Good enough. I'm not going to quarrel with you. But I should like to make a perfectly amiable suggestion."

"One moment," Petrie interrupted. "We're all old friends here. For God's sake, let's stand four-square. I don't know all the facts. But I strongly suspect"—turning to Sir Denis—"that *you* do. You're the stumbling-block, Barton. You're keeping something up your sleeve. Lay all the cards on the table."

The chief gnawed his mustache, locked his hands behind him, and stood very upright, looking from face to face. He was in his most truculent mood. But at last, glancing aside from Petrie:

"I await your amiable suggestion, Smith," he growled.

"I'll put it forward," said the latter. "It is this: A Bibby liner is leaving Port Said for Southampton tomorrow. I suggest that Rima secure a berth."

Rima jumped up at his words, but I saw Petrie grasp her hand as if to emphasize his agreement with them.

"Why should I be sent home, Sir Denis?" she demanded. "What have I done? If you're thinking of my safety, I've been living for months in remote camps in Khorassân and Persia, and you see"—she laughed and glanced aside at me—"I'm still alive."

"You have done nothing, my dear," Sir Denis returned, and smiled in that delightful way which, for all his seniority, sometimes made me wonder why any woman could spare me a thought while he was present. "Nor," he added, "do I doubt your courage. But while your uncle maintains his present attitude, I don't merely fear—I know—that all of us, yourself included, stand in peril of our lives."

Incongruously, at this moment, at least from our point of view, a military band struck up somewhere beneath; for

(Continued on page 52)

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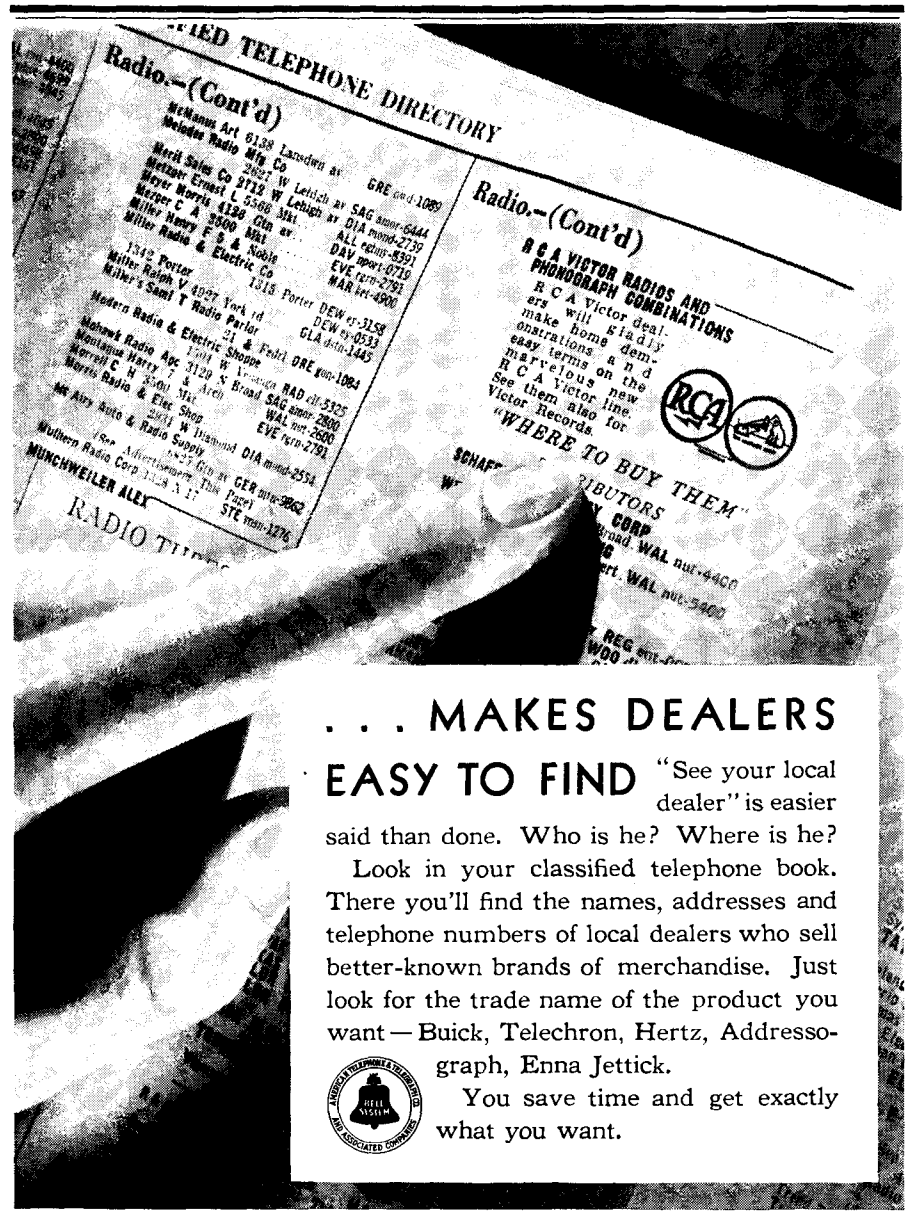

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(Continued from page 51)

this was a special occasion of some kind and the famous garden was *en fête*. None of us, however, were in gala humor; but:

"Let's go down and see what's going on, Shan," said Rima. She glanced at Sir Lionel. "Can you spare him?"

"Glad to get rid of him," growled the chief. "He's hand and hoof with Smith, here, and one of 'em's enough. . . ."

And so presently Rima and I found ourselves crossing the lobby below and watching a throng entering the ballroom from which strains of a dance band came floating out.

"What a swindle, Shan!" she said, pouting in a childish fashion I loved. "*I'm simply dying for a dance. And I* haven't even the ghost of a frock with me."

We were indeed out of place in that well-dressed gathering, in our tired-looking traveling kit.

Nevertheless, I thought as I looked at Rima, from her trim, glossy head to the tips of her small gray shoes, that she was the daintiest figure I had seen that night.

"As we're totally unfit for the ballroom," I said, "do you think we might venture into the garden?"

WE WALKED through the lounge with its little Oriental alcoves and out into the garden. It was a perfect night, but unusually hot for the season. Humphreys, our pilot, joined us there, and:

"You know, Greville," he said grinning, "I don't know what you've been up to in Khorassân, or wherever it is. But somebody in those parts is kicking up no end of a shindy."

He glanced at me shrewdly. Of the real facts he could know nothing—unless the chief had been characteristically indiscreet. But I realized that he must suspect our flight from Persia to have had some relation to the disturbances in that country.

"I should say you bolted just in time," he went on. "They claim a sort of new Mahdi up there. When I got to Cairo this evening I found the news everywhere. Honestly, it's all over the town, particularly the native town. There's a most curious feeling abroad, and in some way they have got the story of this Veiled bloke mixed up with the peculiar weather. I mean, it's turned phenomenally hot. There's evidently a storm brewing."

"Which they put down to the influence of El Mokanna?"

"Oh, what nonsense!" Rima laughed.

But Humphreys nodded grimly, and:

"Exactly," he returned. "I'm told that a religious revival is overdue among the Moslems, and this business may fill the bill. You ought to know as well as I do, Greville, that superstition is never very far below the surface in even the most cultured Oriental. And these waves of fanaticism are really incalculable. It's a kind of mass hypnotism, and we know the creative power of thought."

I stared at the speaker with a new curiosity. He was revealing a side of his nature which I had not supposed to exist. Rima, too, had grown thoughtful.

"Someone would have to lead this movement," she suggested. "How could there be followers of a Veiled Prophet if there were no Veiled Prophet?"

"I'm told that up at El Azhar," Humphreys replied seriously, "they are proclaiming that there *is* a Veiled Prophet —or rather, a Masked Prophet. He's supposed to be moving down through Persia."

"But it's simply preposterous!" Rima declared.

"It's likely to be infernally dangerous," he returned drily. "However," brightening up, "I notice you're devoid of evening kit, Miss Barton, same as Greville. But as I'm attired with proper respectability, I know of no reason why we shouldn't dance out here. The band's just starting again."

Rima consented with a complete return of gayety. And as her petite figure moved off beside that of the burly airman, I lighted a cigarette and looked around me. I was glad she had found a partner to distract her thoughts from the depression which lay upon all of us. And, anyway, I'm not much of a dancing man myself at the best of times.

Up under the leaves of the tall palms little colored electric lamps were set, resembling fiery fruit. Japanese lanterns formed lighted festoons from *trunk to trunk. In the moonlight, the* water of the central fountain looked like an endless cascade of diamonds. The sky above was blue-black, and the stars larger and brighter than I remembered ever to have seen them.

I heard the crunching of numberless feet on the sanded paths; a constant murmur of voices; peals of laughter rising sometimes above it all—and now the music of a military band.

There were few fancy costumes, and those chiefly of the stock order. But there was a profusion of confetti—which seems to be regarded as indispensable on such occasions, but which I personally look upon as a definite irritant. To shed little disks of colored paper from one's clothing, cigarette case and tobacco pouch wherever one goes for a week after visiting a fête of this kind, is a test of good humor which the southern races possibly survive better than I do.

I strolled round towards the left of the garden—that part farthest from the band and the dancers—intending to slip into the hotel for a drink before rejoining Rima and Humphreys.

Two or three confetti fiends had pot shots at me, but I did not find their attention stimulating. In fact, I may as well confess that this more or less artificial gayety, far from assisting me to banish those evil thoughts which claimed my mind, seemed to focus them more sharply.

Sir Denis and the chief, when I had left them, were still pacing up and down in the latter's room, arguing hotly; and poor Dr. Petrie was trying to keep the peace. That Sir Lionel had smuggled the Mokanna relics out of Persian territory he did not deny, nor was this by any means the first time he had indulged in similar acts of piracy. Nayland Smith was for lodging them in the vault of the Museum; Sir Lionel declined to allow them out of his possession.

He had a queer look in his deep-set eyes, which I knew betokened mischief. Sir Denis knew too, and the knowledge taxed him almost to the limit of endurance, that the chief was keeping something back.

A SUDDEN barrage of confetti made me change my mind about going in. Try how I would, I could not force myself into gala humor, and I walked all around the border of the garden, along a path which seemed to be deserted and only imperfectly lighted.

Practically everybody was on the other side where the band was playing —either dancing or watching the dancing. The greater number of the guests were in the ballroom, however, preferring jazz and a polished floor to military brass and al fresco discomfort. I had lost my last cigarette under the confetti bombardment, and now, taking out my pipe, I stood still and began to fill it.

Dr. Fu Manchu!

Nayland Smith believed that agents of Dr. Fu Manchu had been responsible for the death of van Berg and for the theft of the green box. This, I reflected, could only mean one thing:

Dr. Fu Manchu was responsible for the wave of fanaticism sweeping throughout the East, for that singular rumor that a new prophet was reborn, which, if Humphreys and Petrie were to be believed, El Azhar already proclaimed.

My pipe filled, I put my hand in my pocket in search of matches, when—a tall, slender figure crossed the path a few yards ahead of me.

My hand came out of my pocket, I took the unlighted pipe from between my teeth, and stared . . . stared!

The woman, who wore a green, sheath-like dress and gold shoes, had a *delicate indolence of carriage wholly* oriental. About one bare ivory arm, extending from just below the elbow to the wrist, she wore a massive jade bangle in six or seven loops. A golden girdle not unlike a sword belt was about her waist, and a tight green turban on her head.

Her appearance, then, was sufficiently remarkable. But that which crowned the queerness of this slender, graceful figure was the fact that she wore a small half-mask; and this half-mask was apparently of gold!

That the costume was designed to represent El Mokanna, there could be no doubt. This in itself was extraordinary, but might have been explained by that queer wave of native opinion which was being talked about everywhere. It was such an ill-considered jest as would commend itself to a crazy member of the younger set.

But there was something else. . . .

Either I had become the victim of an optical delusion, traceable to events of the past few days, or the woman in the gold mask was Fu Manchu's daughter!

NORMALLY the air would have been growing chilly by now, but, to the contrary, a sort of oppressive heat seemed to be increasing. As the alluring figure crossed diagonally and disappeared into a side path, I glanced upward.

The change was startling.

Whereas but a few minutes before the stars had been notably bright, now not a star was visible. A dense black cloud hung overhead, and, as the band stopped, I noted a quality of stillness in the atmosphere such as often precedes a storm.

These things, however, I observed almost subconsciously. I was determined to overtake the wearer of the gold mask; I was determined to establish her identity. All those doubts and fears which I had with difficulty kept at bay seemed to swoop down upon me, as if from the brooding sky.

An imperfect glimpse only I had had of long, tapering, ivory fingers. But I believed there was only one woman in the world who possessed such hands . . . the woman known as Fah Lo Suee, the fascinating but witch-like daughter of the Chinese doctor.

Slipping my pipe back into my pocket, I stepped forward quickly, turning right, into a narrow path. Owing, I suppose, to the threatening skies, a general exodus from the garden had commenced and, since I was walking away from the hotel and not towards it, I met with no other guests.

I had hesitated only a few seconds before starting in pursuit. Nevertheless, there was no sign of my quarry. I pulled up, peering ahead. A sudden doubt had crossed my mind.

Had Fah Lo Suee seen me? And did she hope to slip away unmasked? If so, she had made a false move.

For a glance had shown that now she could not possibly avoid me. She had turned left from the narrow path and was approaching the railings of the

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garden at a point where there was a gate.

I chanced to know that this gate was invariably locked . . .

She had nearly reached it when I began to walk forward again, slowly and confidently. Her movements convinced me even in the semi-darkness that my conjecture had been correct. This was Fu Manchu's daughter, beyond any shadow of doubt.

I was not twelve paces behind her when she came to the gate. She stopped, and, although I heard no sound—the gate swung open! I saw her for a moment, a tall, slim silhouette against lights from the other side of the street; then the gate clanged to behind her.

Without even glancing over her shoulder, although I knew she must have heard my approach, she turned left in the direction of Sharia Kâmel, still at that leisurely, languid pace.

I ran to the gate—it was locked!

This discovery astounded me.

By what means obtained I could not even guess, but clearly this strange woman possessed a key to the disused entrance. I contemplated scaling the railings, but realized the difficulty of the operation. There was only one thing for it.

I TURNED and ran back to the hotel, hoping I might meet no one to whom I should feel called upon to give an explanation of my eccentric conduct.

There came an ominous rumbling, and I saw with annoyance that crowds were pouring in at the entrance. However, I made a rush for it; earned some stinging comments on the part of guests into whom I bumped—dashed across the lobby and out onto the terrace.

A line of cars and taxicabs was drawn up outside. This I had time to note as I went flying down the steps. I turned sharply right.

I was only just in time. A wonderfully slender ankle, an arched instep, and a high-heeled golden shoe provided the only clue.

The woman had just entered a car stationed, not outside the terrace of the hotel, but over by the arcade opposite. At the very moment that I heard the clang of its closing door, the car moved off, going in the direction of Esbekîyeh Gardens.

I ran to the end of the rank of waiting cabs and cars and, grabbing an Egyptian driver who brought up the tail of the procession:

"Look!" I said rapidly in Arabic, and pulled him about, "where I am pointing!"

The hour being no later than ten o'clock, there was still a fair amount of traffic about. But I could see the car, a long, low roadster, proceeding at no great speed, in the direction of the Continental.

"You see that yellow car? The one that has just reached the corner!"

The man stared as I pointed; and then:

"Yes, I see it."

"Then follow it! Double fare if you keep it in sight!"

That settled the matter. He sprang to the wheel in a flash. And whilst I half knelt on the seat, looking back, he turned his cab with reckless disregard of oncoming traffic, and started off at racing speed. . . .

Other cars were in the way now, but I could still discern that in which the woman had driven off. I saw it turn left. I bent forward, shouting to the driver:

"They have turned left—did you see?"

"Yes."

An English policeman shouted angrily as my driver swerved to avoid a pedestrian and drove madly on. But the magic of a double fare infected him like a virus. He took the corner by the Gardens when we reached it at breakneck speed, and, foreseeing disaster if this continued:

"Take it easy!" I shouted, leaning forward. "I can see them ahead. I don't want to catch them—only to keep them in sight."

The man nodded, and our progress became less furious. The atmosphere remained oppressive, but a few stars began to creep out overhead, and I saw ragged borders of the black cloud moving away over the Mokattem Hills. Rumbling of thunder grew more distant.

I could see the car ahead very clearly now, for indeed we were quite near to it. And I found time to wonder where it could possibly be going.

We were leaving the European city behind and heading for the Oriental. In fact, it began to dawn upon me that Fah Lo Suee was making for the Mûski—that artery of the bazaar streets, hives of industry during the day, but desolate as a city of the dead at night.

I was right.

The last trace of native night life left behind us, I saw the yellow car, proceeding in leisurely fashion, head straight into the deserted thoroughfare. My driver followed. We passed a crossroad but still carried on, presently to turn right. I saw a mosque ahead but my brain was so excited that at the moment I failed to identify it. My knowledge of native Cairo is not extensive at the best.

We left the mosque behind, the narrow street being far from straight and I in a constant fever lest we should lose sight of the yellow car. Then I saw it—just passing another larger mosque.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Sûkkariya," he replied, slowing down still more and negotiating a right turn.

Empty shops and unlighted houses were all about us. For some time now we had met not a single pedestrian. It was utterly mystifying. Where could the woman possibly be heading for?

"Where does this lead to?"

"Mosque of Muayyâd-Bâb ez-Zuwêla . . ."

Fah Lo Suee, of course, must have known now that she was pursued, but this I considered to be unavoidable since, in that maze of narrow streets that only a native driver could have negotiated, to have lost sight of her for a moment would have meant failure.

Right again went the long, low French car.

"Don't know the name," my driver announced nonchalantly.

WE TURNED into the narrowest street we had yet endeavored to negotiate.

"Pull up!" I ordered sharply.

The place was laden with those indescribable smells which belong to the markets of the East, but nowhere could I see a light or any evidence of human occupation. Narrow alleys intersected the street—mere black caverns.

Ahead, I saw the yellow car moving away again. But, for the second time that night, I had a glimpse of an arched instep, of a golden shoe.

Fah Lo Suee had alighted from the car, which evidently someone else was driving, and had walked into a narrow alley not twenty yards along.

I jumped out.

"Stay here," I ordered. "Don't move, whatever happens, until I come back."

I set out at the double, pulling up when I gained the entrance to the alley, and peering into its utter blackness. I heard the distant rumbling of thunder. It died away into oppressive silence.

No sound of footsteps reached me, and there was no glimmer of light ahead.

(To be continued next week)

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After the Drought is Over

IT IS the purchaser's dollar that supports the Capones and other criminals. It pulls the trigger that takes human life in battles between policemen and gangsters."

Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas said that. Senator Sheppard is the author of the Eighteenth Amendment and co-author of the Volstead Act. He is the high priest of prohibition in Congress.

Up until now prohibitionists have let buyers of alcohol severely alone. Buying alcohol is not illegal under Federal law. A man or woman may buy and drink and still break no law. Selling, not buying, is forbidden.

The law doesn't make sense. There can be no sales without purchases. Of course the buyer's dollar supports the crime, violence and corruption which have followed prohibition. Where else could the money be had?

The significant part of this business is not that at last Senator Sheppard and the professional prohibitionists have acknowledged the facts but rather that it took them so long to do so.

It is too late now to provide penalties for buyers. Prohibition is doomed. The Eighteenth Amendment is on the way out.

The urgent necessity for new taxes struck the final blow. For years it has been clear that prohibition did not prohibit. The law broke down and failed utterly to achieve its purpose.

In the very speech in which he as a candidate used the words "an experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose," Mr. Hoover said that "grave abuses" had occurred. The abuses have grown worse, not better, since he entered the White House.

His Wickersham Commission confirmed in amazing detail the complete frustration of the law. The Commission merely counseled waiting. A minority held that a further trial should be made. Even that minority held that "if after such trial effective enforcement is not secured there should be a revision of the Amendment."

A further trial has ensued and effective enforcement has not been secured. Now a revision of the Eighteenth Amendment is clearly in sight.

If prosperity had continued without interruption, revision might have been postponed longer. The burden of taxation, however, has become too heavy. Too many people groaning under the load of taxes are demanding that some of the hundreds of millions now used to corrupt governmental agents be employed to pay the honest bills of the government.

They ask, and rightly, why this enormous traffic should be tax-free. If the traffic could be stopped it would have been stopped. Year after year, in good times and bad, however, it has continued. Why, then, exempt liquor from taxation? Are bootleggers such good citizens that, like educational institutions and religious bodies, they should be freed from the common burden of taxes?

Merely to ask the question is to answer it. So we have the spectacle of millions who hitherto were willing to drift, ignoring the crime, corruption and futility of prohibition, now angrily demanding that something drastic be done and done quickly.

Something drastic will be done. There is hardly any question but that the Congress elected this fall will be wetter than the present body. If, for example, there should be a wet landslide in November, even this present Congress, which will assemble for its last regular session in December, will be tempted to drastic action.

The first step inevitably will be to reduce the appropriations for enforcement. Whatever our sentiments may be, such a negative action has unpleasant possibilities.

We are not ready for anarchy in the distribution of liquor. Yet the failure to appropriate for prohibition enforcement would result in anarchy. Few states, even among those counted driest, have effective enforcement agencies. The responsibility has been transferred to the Federal government. If Uncle Sam withdrew suddenly, there would be no control whatever.

Manifestly, however, we are at the very brink of a fundamental change. All of the newspaper and magazine polls bear witness to a profound shift in public sentiment. In 1916 the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment seemed a long time off. Actually it came within two years. Today we are as near the complete repudiation of that Amendment.

Make no mistake about it. Once Congress is convinced that a strong majority is wet the retreat will become a rout. Congressmen vote to please their constituents.

The grave weakness at present is that no clearly desirable alternative to prohibition exists. Prohibition is bankrupt, but what is to take its place?

Not the saloon, certainly. Nor the bootlegger. Both are discredited. What then?

Government stores such as Ontario and more recently Finland have established? Private distribution under strict regulation as in Great Britain? What are to be the agencies of control? States, local governments or the national government?

These are practical questions which sooner than we realize we shall have to decide. Not to be ready will be a tragedy. We have blundered long enough in our experiment noble in motive. We can now afford to plan intelligently.

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